SALT Jinxed • Mrs. Typical American • M. le Maire de Paris

Griffin Bell and the Hill Women • Sadat and Arafat

THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 9, 1977

Price 75 cents

NEWSPAPER NEWSPA

NR BLD4 W029 JAN 78 1 01
BALDWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIBRARY PRDCLS 44017
BEREA OHIO

The Spanish Language

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The legend of Lalique. $70.

For the serious Lalique collector, a limited edition book depicting the history and tradition of three generations of art by the Lalique family. Illustrated are many original creations and designs never before seen. 300 pages, hard bound, 9-3/4" x 12", 260 pages in full color. $70.00. Mail orders filled. Add $2.00 for insurance, shipping and handling. Md. residents add 4%. Master Charge and BankAmericard. Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.

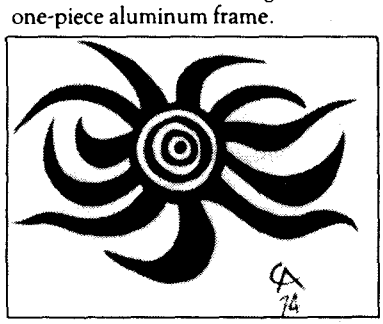
TIARA GIFTS
Wheaton Plaza Shopping Center
Wheaton, Maryland 20902
(301) 949-0210

Calder

Six original plate-signed lithographs created by Alexander Calder. These six lithographs were conceived from "Flying Colors," a mural painted on a DC 8-62 jet.

Each of these lithographs will be authenticated with the embossed cachet of "The Flying Colors Collection".© Pulled on 100% rag Arches paper and printed in Paris on the traditional flat bed presses which have been used for over 100 years in this method of printing.

The dimensions are 22" x 28" and are delivered framed for $65 each plus shipping charges of $3.95. The frame chosen is an award-winning welded, one-piece aluminum frame.



Sunburst

Send for free color catalog sheet.

The Flying Colors Collection
221 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10003

TRB

from Washington ®
April 9, 1977

Righteous Recklessness

There he sat, right across the table, hands-in-pockets, broad-shouldered, straightforward, likeable, better out of office than in. A handful of Secret Service men pretended to toy with poached eggs about the big hotel breakfast room. Normally we love our ex-presidents and Jerry Ford is no exception; the process of myth-making, like mumification, straightway begins.

Every case is different, though. While Jerry Ford is preparing books, talk shows, interviews in retirement, Jimmy Carter has brought a revivalist, meet-the-masses style to the White House, oozing morality at every appearance. He has grabbed attention, communicated in symbols, and achieved high popularity. Presently he is beating his Democratic majority in Congress mercilessly with their own pork-barrel water projects; simultaneously he is beating the Kremlin, and most of the rest of the world, mercilessly with his campaign for human rights. Both drives are idealistic. Both drives astounded their targets.

Dams, reservoirs and other water projects, you must understand, are to congressmen what the Concorde is to England and France: a matter both of dollar value and of status and prestige. A poor system no doubt. But Mr. Carter did not explain his loftier position in advance, did not soften the ground, did not even (it sounds incredible) notify interested congressmen in advance. We asked Jerry Ford at breakfast what he thought of the episode. All sorts of emotions passed across his familiar, pink, blond, transparent features; didn't want to be impolite; he didn't want to attack his successor (not quite yet, anyway). "I had an idea what Congress would do," he said finally, and added, with a half-grin, "They did it."

This article is really about the Carter human rights crusade but Jerry Ford fits into it, too, because in a world of political symbols he could ultimately be a quite important symbol himself. "Would you run in 1980?" we ask him. "I don't rule it out," he responds. Jerry Ford, you see, is the symbol of The Other Approach: the equivalent of Her Majesty's Leader of the Opposition. Rarely is the imitation of the parliamentary form quite so obvious. It isn't a very arresting symbol just now, perhaps, but we have four years to go.

Jerry is more knowledgeable about this, I thought, than some of the reporters who pooh-poohed his hopes, more by inflexion than by what they said. Yes, he responded in part, voters who say they are registered Republicans are a very small percentage. But so what? The 1976 election, nevertheless, was extremely close. Also, there is nearly always a bounce-back for the opposition party at mid-term; Jerry Ford cited 1966. You remember 1966? Two years before, LBJ had beaten Goldwater by the highest popular vote plurality ever recorded. Then came the mid-term: Republicans captured 47 House seats, three senate seats, eight governorships. (Jerry had the figures pat.) And in 1968 the Republicans who were so badly trounced four years before won and kept the White House for two terms. It could happen again. Watch the mid-term election next year. As for 1980, it all depends on President Carter.

There is a kind of righteous recklessness about the Carter approach to pork-barreling congressmen and to freedom-suppressing dictators. Each crusade goes fine with the public. But would a quieter approach be more effective? On the home front, on the water projects, for example, House Speaker Tip O'Neill called what the President did "a glaring error"; Senate majority leader Byrd called it "a serious aberration" that "rubs a raw nerve" and inspires "anger and frustration."

Mr. Carter's stake in cooperating with the Democratic Congress is very high particularly when examined from the liberal point of view, to which this column subscribes. A president willing to push social reforms, with a congressional majority capable of enacting them, comes rarely: there was Teddy Roosevelt, and Wilson's New Freedom, and FDR's New Deal, and the brief JFK-LBJ enactments before Vietnam strangled them. The chance comes only about four or five times in a century. Today, health, taxes, welfare, energy, voter-enfranchisement and dozens of other problems are waiting in line for action. Few presidents have had such opportunities. Can Mr. Carter work with his majority; is he capable of

(continued on page 38)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Begin at the beginning...

Or come in in the middle...Or plunge right into the 20th century...

Start with the early stirrings of civilization and follow as far as you like man's zigzag course to the present.

Or perhaps you'd rather come in in the middle—with the Crusades, the Medici, the American Revolution. Or plunge right into the thicket of contemporary affairs.

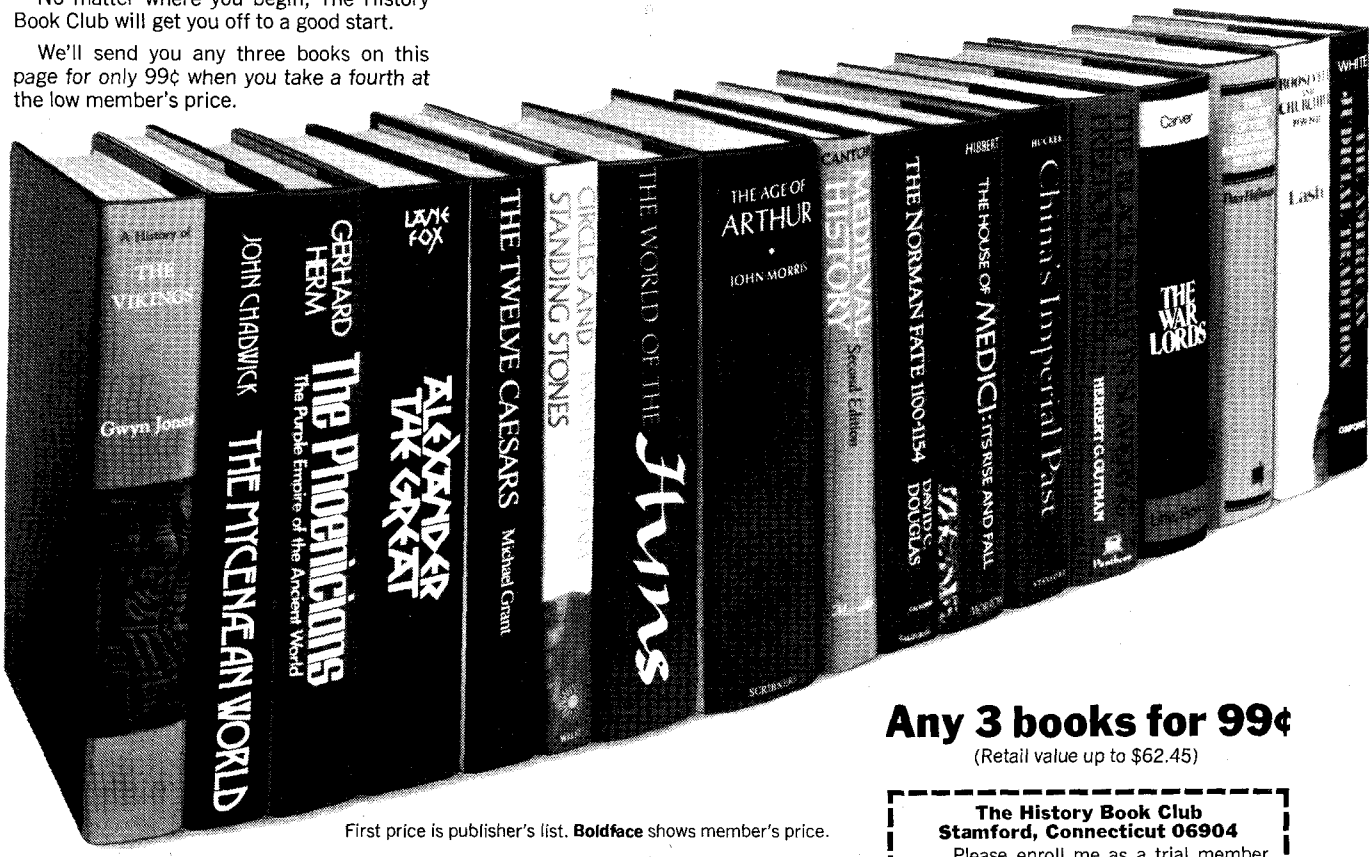
No matter where you begin, The History Book Club will get you off to a good start.

We'll send you any three books on this page for only 99¢ when you take a fourth at the low member's price.

If you're not delighted, just return the books (we'll pay the postage). Or keep them and simply take four more new books during the coming year, from some 175 offered each month. You get these at savings of $3, $4, $5 (and more) off bookstore prices. And this Club has a Bonus Plan that lets you pick *any* book we offer, not just certain ones.

No stinting on quality either. Our books are always physically the equal of the original publishers' editions.

The History Book Club began 30 years ago as a service to readers of history and world affairs. You can begin at the beginning or anywhere you like, by mailing our coupon today.



First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.

116. **A History of the Vikings**
By Gwyn Jones. $12.50/**$8.50**

606. **The Mycenaean World**
By John Chadwick. $17.95/**$11.95**

514. **A History of the Greek City States, 700-338 B.C.**
By Raphael Sealey. $15.00/**$9.95**

431. **The Phoenicians**
By Gerhard Herm. $8.95/**$7.50**

324. **Alexander the Great**
By Robin Lane Fox. $15.00/**$9.95**

464. **The Twelve Caesars**
By Michael Grant.
From Julius in 49 B.C. through Domitian in 96 A.D. $12.50/**$8.75**

524. **The Long Year, A.D. 69**
By Kenneth Wellesley.
Exceptional account of a year that proved a turning point in Roman History. $16.50/**$10.50**

347. **The Army of the Caesars**
By Michael Grant. $15.00/**$9.95**

427. **Circles and Standing Stones**
By Evan Hadingham.
Megalith mysteries of early Britain. 152 photos, maps, diagrams. $12.50/**$8.75**

346. **The World of the Huns**
By O. J. Maenchen-Helfen. $20.00/**$11.50**

274. **The Age of Arthur**
By John Morris.
British history from 350-650 A.D. $17.50/**$11.95**

671. **Medieval History: The Life and Death of a Civilization**
By Norman F. Cantor. $11.50/**$8.50**

647. **The Norman Fate, 1100-1154**
By David C. Douglas. $22.50/**$11.50**

520. **Plagues and Peoples**
By William H. McNeill.
The effect of diseases on the development of mankind. $10.00/**$7.75**

407. **The House of Medici**
By Christopher Hibbert.
The remarkable Florentine family which influenced four centuries of history. $12.50/**$8.95**

478. **China's Imperial Past: An Introduction to Chinese History and Culture**
By Charles O. Hucker. $17.50/**$11.95**

414. **Russia Under the Old Regime**
By Richard Pipes. $17.50/**$10.95**

625. **The Black Family in Slavery & Freedom, 1750-1925**
By Herbert G. Gutman. $15.95/**$10.75**

146. **Karl Marx: His Life and Thought**
By David McLellan. $15.00/**$9.95**

650. **The War Lords: Military Commanders of the Twentieth Century**
By Field Marshal Sir Michael Carver.
43 detailed biographies. $17.95/**$11.95**

508. **The History of the German Resistance, 1933-1945**
By Peter Hoffmann. $19.95/**$12.95**

655. **Roosevelt and Churchill, 1939-1941: The Partnership That Saved the West**
By Joseph P. Lash. $12.95/**$8.95**

626. **The American Judicial Tradition: Profiles of Leading American Judges**
By G. Edward White. $15.95/**$10.95**

517. **The Universe: Its Beginning and End**
By Lloyd Motz.
From the development of matter to ultimate gratitational collapse. $14.95/**$9.95**

Any 3 books for 99¢

(Retail value up to $62.45)

The History Book Club
Stamford, Connecticut 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the books whose numbers I enter below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ for all three and the fourth at the low member's price—plus modest shipping charges.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will take four more selections within a year (not counting my introductory books), always at reduced member's prices plus shipping. Thereafter, I may resign at any time.

NR-70

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

A note on how the Club works: Every four weeks, you receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing: the book will come automatically. To order a different book or no book, return the card by specified date. You will have at least 10 days to make your choice—but if you get an unwanted book because of late mail, we guarantee return postage.

In Canada: Mail to The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ontario

BB77C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 176, No. 15, Issue 3248, April 9, 1977. Published weekly (except the issues of January 8, July 16, August 13, August 27, December 31) and distributed by *The New Republic*, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 75¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, *The New Republic*, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1977 by *The New Republic*, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover: "The Tragedy" by Pablo Picasso, courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington.

Drawing of Jorge Guillén by Ramón Gaya courtesy of Jorge Guillén.

Contents

TRB from Washington	2	**Righteous Recklessness**
Comment	5	**How to Welcome President Sadat**
	7	**Correspondence**
John Osborne	8	**White House Watch: Jimmy's Deadwood**
Henry Fairlie	10	**"Desaparecidos"**
Ken Bode	10	**Georgia Followup**
Morton Kondracke	11	**Human Rights on Capitol Hill**
Stephen Kinzer	14	**Nicaragua, A Wholly Owned Subsidiary**
George Ross	17	**M. le Maire de Paris**
Jonathan Miller	19	**Meet Mrs. America**
Stanley Kauffmann	22	**Films**
Octavio Paz	23	**Spanish-American Literature**
Jorge Guillén: An Appreciation	27	**Edmund L. King**
Jorge Guillén	29	**Arte Rupestre**
		Books Considered
John S. Brushwood	29	**The Borzoi Anthology of Latin American Literature edited by Emir Rodriguez Monegal *with* Thomas Colchie**
Gene H. Bell	30	**Terra Nostra by Carlos Fuentes**
John Felstiner	32	**Latin American Poetry**
Norman Sacks	34	**Morning without Noon: Memoirs by Salvador de Madariaga**
Alan Weinblatt	35	**Reconsideration: One Hundred Years of Solitude by Gabriel García Marquéz**
Roger Rosenblatt	36	**The Back of the Book**
Washington Diarist	42	**Granfalloons**

THE BEST OF RICHARD NIXON

THIS 60 MINUTE TAPE INCLUDES:

'52 Checkers speech (exerpt)
'63 Last press conference (exerpt)
'73 First Watergate speech
'74 Resignation speech
'74 Farewell to White House staff

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOG

☐ CASSETTE TAPE

$5.95 per tape

Send check or money order to:

POSTERITY TAPES
P.O. BOX 233 NAPERVILLE, ILL. 60540

The Staff

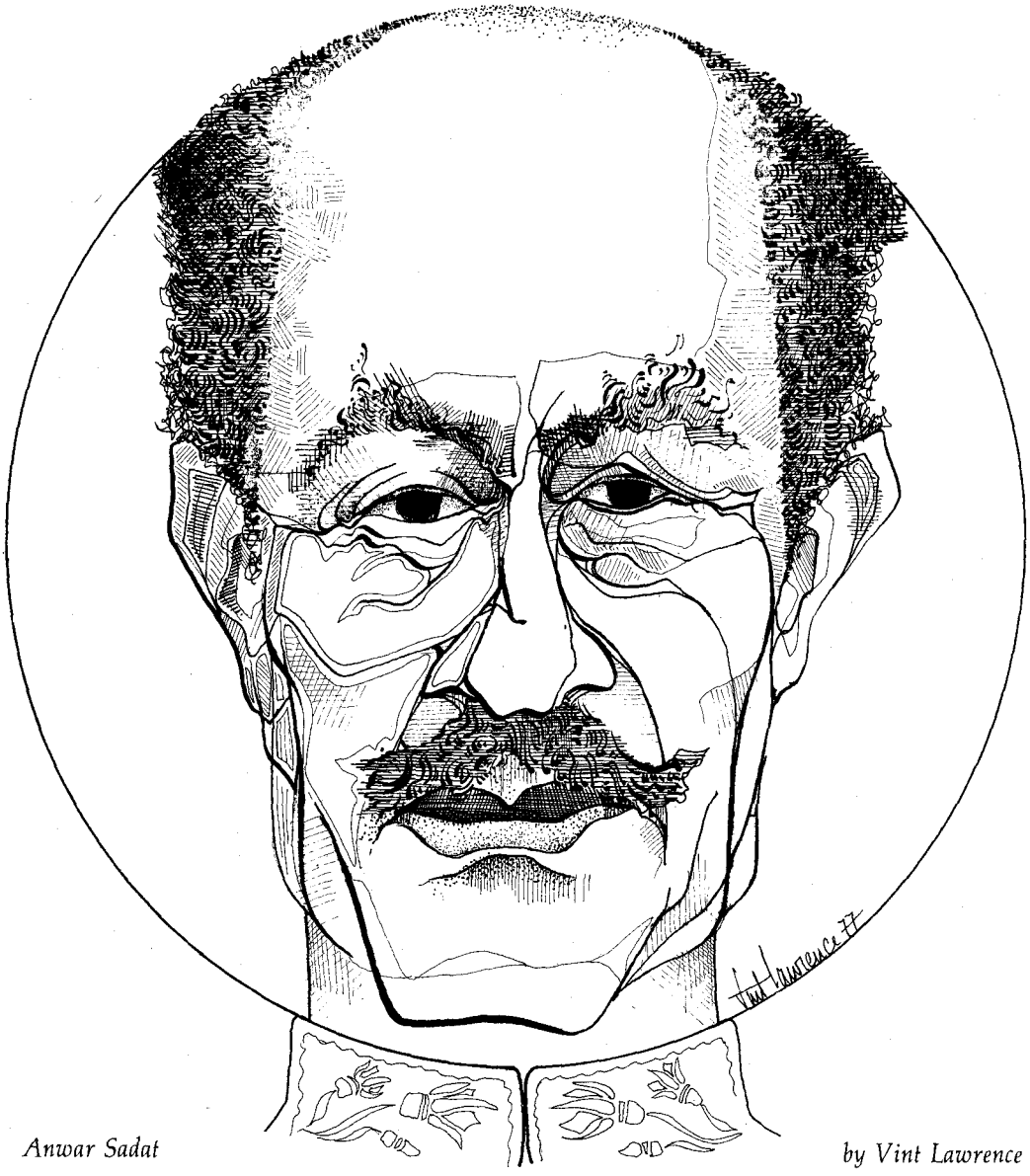
Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Roger Rosenblatt*
Executive Editor—*Morton Kondracke*
Senior Editors—*John Osborne, Eliot Marshall*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Guest Poetry Editor—*Robert Fitzgerald*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Assistant Editor—*Philip Terzian*
Production Associate—*Mary Henninger*
Literary Assistant—*Roberta Tovey*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis*
Bookkeeper—*Donna J. Melson*
Accounting Clerk—*Carolyn Carpenter*
Feature Syndicate—*Leslie B. Seagrave*
Director of Advertising—*Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494*
Advertising Assistant—*Barbara Albert*
Classified Advertising—*Barbara Gilbreth*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Editorial Assistant—*Paul A. Barnett*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York (212) 532-2500*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 9, 1977

How to Welcome President Sadat



Anwar Sadat

by Vint Lawrence

The Middle East remains at the top of the Washington agenda. President Sadat's visit, closely following that of Prime Minister Rabin, is a symbol of America's authority in the region. It provides an occasion to think seriously about the responsibilities that authority entails. These responsibilities go beyond "honest brokering"; it is clearer now than ever that there won't be peace in the Middle East without a more activist American role. Even Yasser Arafat agrees on that, if on nothing else; he said so last week on CBS's "60 Minutes." President Carter seems to have realized this. His recent statements, despite their unrehearsed quality, represent a major new American initiative. Now, with Sadat in Washington, we shall see whether that initiative can be sustained.

The Carter position can be briefly outlined. (For a fuller analysis, see Morton Kondracke's article in last week's *TNR*.) It includes five points. First, the guaranteed end of the negotiating process must be a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"real" peace, involving open borders, commercial relationships, cultural exchange, and so on. Second, Israel must withdraw by stages to borders similar, but not identical, to those that existed before the 1967 war. Third, for a long period of time after a settlement military frontiers need not coincide with legal borders; specifically, Israel should be able to maintain defense positions at strategic points in territory that is officially Arab. Fourth, the Palestine Liberation Organization must abandon its commitment to destroy Israel. Fifth, the Palestinian people must have a "homeland," preferably in connection with the present state of Jordan where Palestinians already comprise a majority of the population.

Some of this has been said with startling clarity and without the usual diplomatic circumlocutions. Some of it has been more ambiguous from the start, and all of it has been made more ambiguous by subsequent explanations (intended, we suppose, to maintain flexibility for American negotiators). But an American position now is on the table. We think, on balance, it is a good position. We would add only three things that in no way conflict with Carter's five points. First, even the permanent borders to which Israel withdraws must provide some more protection for population centers and land, sea and air arteries than the pre-1967 borders did. Second, no Middle East peace plan is adequate unless it includes an end to the spiraling arms race there. Third, we should not forget that there are hundreds of thousands of Palestinians in the territories, Jordan and other Arab countries who do not think themselves represented at all by the PLO.

Carter's outline, coming so quickly after his talks with Rabin, and in the middle of a closely contested election in Israel, has made many Israelis nervous. It has been interpreted by some Israelis hostile to the Rabin government, and by some Americans who'd be hostile to any Israeli government, as a major "tilt" against Israel. But in fact Carter's pronouncements place the US much closer to the Israeli view of a final settlement than our country has been at any time in the recent past. For this reason, Sadat's visit is a crucial test of Carter's policy. Can he talk to Sadat as frankly as he did to Rabin? And more important, can he talk *in public* while Sadat is in Washington the way he did while Rabin was in Washington?

Like Rabin, Sadat heads a weak government. But it is a weak government of a more fundamental sort. If Rabin is defeated, it will be peacefully and democratically in an election in May; and he will be succeeded by a roughly similar coalition of centrist politicians. If Sadat is toppled, it will be by violence; and he is likely to be followed by a radically different, rightist or leftist, leadership. No one wants this, so Sadat will need to be bolstered during his Washington visit. It will be said that he can only be bolstered at the expense of the Israelis, by giving him the appearance of a diplomatic triumph on this visit. But Carter would be foolish to abandon any part of his long-term policy as a short-term favor for Sadat; if the goal of a genuine settlement is compromised, not much will be left of his diplomatic initiative. And anything less than peace is no favor to the Egyptian people. So for everybody's sake Carter should not promise Sadat anything that will compromise Israel's security. What America should promise the Egyptians is technical assistance and capital investment for its floundering economy—and that depends on a settlement that inspires confidence in all those who are concerned in it.

The recent PLO conference in Cairo was, or at least should have been, a great disappointment to those who have been peering into their tea leaves and seeing signs of emerging moderation in the PLO leadership. As *The Economist* put it, the Cairo meeting produced no "emollient references." UN Resolution 242 was explicitly rejected again because it implicitly accepts the existence of Israel. The conference pledged to restore the national rights of the Palestinians "without recognition of a reconciliation with the Zionist entity." The PLO charter was not modified. It still calls for "armed struggle" to purge the "Zionist presence" in the Middle East (not just the occupied territories); it calls the partition of Palestine and the establishment of the state of Israel "fundamentally null and void"; and it says the only Jews entitled to remain after "liberation" are those who were there before 1917. Those who saw Arafat and his Fatah movement as a force for moderation among the Palestinians should be especially disappointed, because Al Fatah now completely dominates the PLO but has made not the slightest effort to temper its rhetoric.

Nevertheless, some purported peacemakers continue to damage their own credibility by ignoring the PLO and insisting that the roadblock in the Middle East is *Israeli* intransigence. Sadat is one of these; he tried very hard to put a bright face on the failure of the Cairo meeting. Others include self-appointed interlocutors in the dispute like George Ball, the diplomatic olympian of Wall Street. Ball's recent article in *Foreign Affairs*, entitled "How to Save Israel In Spite of Herself," was widely read and even more widely quoted. The key assumption of Ball's argument is that the PLO has calmed itself into moderation. Like Dr. Kurt Waldheim, Ball will search desperately in the debris of his prophecy for some evidence that the PLO really has changed. The PLO apologists may well discover some such evidence in the peculiarity of punctuation in the translation of some obscure PLO document. Then they will use it to press Israel into another territorial withdrawal. But the truth is that the PLO's rhetoric still is extreme, and behind the extremist rhetoric there is an extremist policy, aimed at the destruction of Israel.

One problem in the Middle East is that no one is

(Continued on page 8)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Saccharin ban

To the editors:

My attention while reading Steven Kelman's article ("No Mad Scientists") in the March 26 issue on the saccharin ban was rudely arrested by an apparent blunder in elementary logic: "Since every known human carcinogen . . . is also carcinogenic in animals, it seems prudent to assume that substances are guilty until proven innocent."

By simple substitution, the logical error is easily highlighted: "Since every known murderer . . . is also human, it seems prudent to assume that humans are murderers."

From the context of the statement, it is hard to determine whether the mistake belongs to Mr. Kelman or to the FDA. If to Mr. Kelman, we can give him an "F" in logic, and let him go his way. If the FDA is at fault, however, we are caught in "Catch-22." According to the article, exonerating testing, that is, on humans, is morally and practically impossible. Thus, "substances" cannot be "proven innocent."

Given the steady advancement in scientific testing, it would appear that an increasingly large number of "humans" will be arrested for "murder." Political protest will grow, and given the impossibility of exoneration, increasingly interesting convolutions may take place to produce findings of guilt or innocence, often based really more on outcry than on anything else.

Stuart M. Johnson
Port Washington, New York

To the editors:

Steven Kelman's discussion of the minimal risk factors in the human use of saccharin and his suggestion of a government warning label on saccharin products is the most sensible treatment of the subject I've seen. *TNR* should reprint his essay and distribute it widely during the next few months as the issue is debated by medical scientists and congressmen. I, personally, hope that Congress will amend the Delaney Amendment to allow for a more flexible judgment in balancing risks and benefits. As an ordinary dieter I would not have much trouble with the FDA's proposed ban; I can easily switch to the low calorie sugar preparations now being readied by the diet drink industry. But relatives and friends of mine who are diabetics are not so free, and they will be in serious difficulty if and when the ban goes into effect. Even the FDA's suggestion of re-classifying saccharin as a "prescription drug" won't make soft drinks or desserts available to them. And the American Diabetic Association properly fears a good deal of very dangerous sugar-cheating by frustrated diabetics—a much more proximate hazard to health than that posed by even a long term cumulative use of saccharin in low doses, the risk the FDA worries about.

The long-term solution, of course, is to find a safer substitute for sugar, some natural substance tolerated by American diabetics in small amounts and by Canadian rats in massive doses! This is a crucially important research effort, and the FDA should warmly encourage and, if necessary, help fund it. If such a substitute were to become available, the FDA could then, prudently and quietly, retire saccharin from all human use in this country. And not the slightest murmur from the public would be heard.

Charles Stinson
Dartmouth College

The Selzer Case, II

To the editors:

Readers of Diane Ravitch's well-informed account of the "Brouhaha in Brooklyn" (March 12) might like to know that not all Brooklyn political scientists approve of their department's action in the Selzer matter.

During a brief return visit from a sabbatical, I testified before the committee currently advising the Provost that there is a need for careful distinctions between CIA associations "which would and . . . would not be permissible." Selzer, I pointed out, had not admitted to any "covert intelligence gathering," nor had the department "attempted any objective determination of the facts"; hence the call for disciplinary action was "premature." The case against Selzer, I warned, raised serious questions both of "ex post facto application" and of "fair and equal application of the rules." It was "essential," I concluded, that Selzer's claims to tenure "be considered fairly and quite apart from his CIA association."

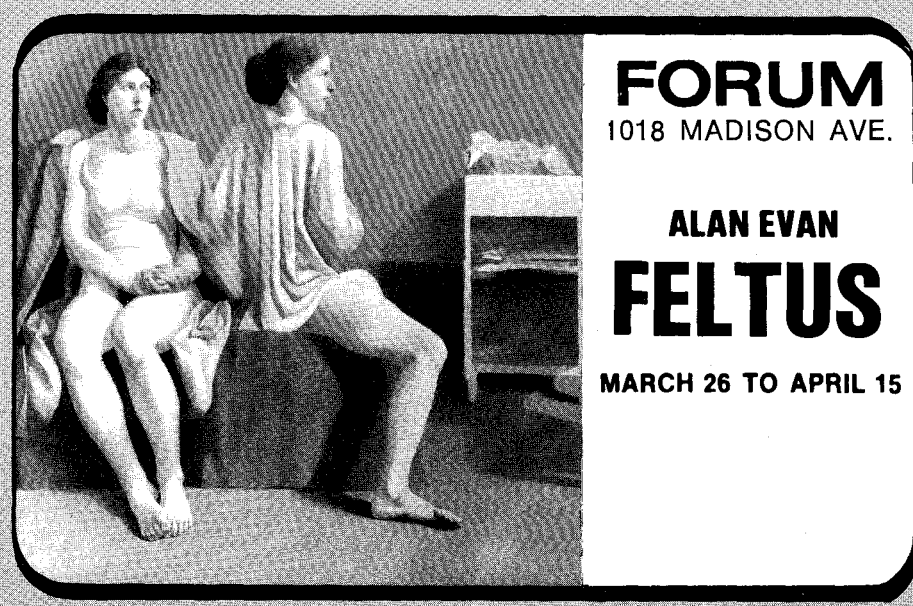
Dankwart A. Rustow
Brooklyn College

A novel suggestion

To the editors:

John Osborne is right to be concerned about United Nations Ambassador

(continued on page 37)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

giving any prizes for being sweetly reasonable. The PLO's reputation for irascibility and irrationality is an effective negotiating asset. In fact, Arafat would be crazy to give it up. Since the minds of the Palestinian leaders seem impenetrable to Western sensibilities, pressure is applied instead to the party with whom Westerners feel they share a common mental ground: the Israelis. There's no advantage to being sane.

To be sure, the PLO itself has reiterated its tough policy from a position of great weakness in the larger Arab world. So it is not clear that this policy can be maintained. We can imagine certain PLO politicians making their peace with King Hussein of Jordan and accepting the homeland that Carter proposes—if American policy is steady and firm and credible in its insistence on Arab recognition of Israeli sovereignty.

PLO sympathizers claim that the Palestinians cannot recognize Israel until Israel has recognized them. But this is a false symmetry. Israel's leaders have long acknowledged that there will be, and should be, a state to their east, on both sides of the Jordan River, inhabited overwhelmingly by Palestinian Arabs. What they haven't recognized, and shouldn't, is the right of the PLO to dominate that state or any part of it. Surely that "right" is even more fantastic after the PLO's debacle in Lebanon. The character of a reunited Jordan will have to be worked out, not by Jews, but by and among Arabs. As President Carter said at Clinton, "the exact way to solve the Palestinian problem is one that first of all addresses itself . . . to the Arab countries." Right now, it "addresses itself" to President Sadat; and it is President Carter who must ask him whether the Arabs are committed to solving that problem in the context of a deep-rooted and comprehensive settlement. And the President also said in Clinton what that means: "The first prerequisite of a lasting peace is the recognition of Israel by her neighbors; Israel's right to exist; Israel's right to exist permanently; Israel's right to exist in peace."

White House Watch

Jimmy's Deadwood

A measure of the shock caused by the collapse of the strategic arms negotiations in Moscow was the effort, led by President Carter, to demonstrate that there wasn't any shock. Disappointment, yes. Surprise and discouragement, no. That was the line taken by the President in Washington and by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance in Moscow, and it wasn't very convincing in either place.

The first indication of the actual dismay at the White House was Press Secretary Jody Powell's confession at his afternoon briefing on March 30, hours after Leonid Brezhnev had rejected two Carter proposals and refused to come up with any counter-proposal, that there wouldn't be any comment on the matter until the President and his assistant for national security affairs, Zbigniew Brzezinski, had reviewed reports coming from Vance in Moscow and had decided what to say. At a meeting of Democratic and Republican leaders with the President in the Cabinet Room, reporters and photographers who were admitted for a couple of minutes heard Mr. Carter say: "I think the talks were productive. We made two proposals, both of which the Soviet government has rejected, but new talks are scheduled for May in Geneva." After the meeting Sen. Howard Baker, one of the Republicans present, was asked what the President could have meant when he said the Moscow talks were "productive." Perfectly simple, Baker replied; the talks had served to "clear away the deadwood." Powell, hovering near reporters who were clustered around Baker and Republican House leader John Rhodes, passed the word that the President would appear in the White House press room later that afternoon and speak for himself. When he did, Mr. Carter began by saying: "This has been an afternoon devoted to receiving dispatches from Moscow, and I would like to make a report to the American people about what has occurred."

That opening took me back to the President's opening statement at his press conference on March 24. In that statement Mr. Carter set forth a view of "the function of the Presidency" which in my opinion contributed in at least a marginal way to the disaster in Moscow. The President said: "I think one of the most impressive observations that I have understood (sic) so far about the presidency and what it stands for is the need to derive its strength directly from the people. There have been some expressions of concern about my bringing on these news conferences and in other ways issues that affect foreign policy directly to the people of our country. I think it is very important that the strength of the presidency itself be recognized as deriving from the people of this nation, and I think it is good for us, even in very complex matters when the outcome of negotiations might still be in doubt, to let the members of Congress and the people of this country know what is going on and some of the options to be pursued, some of the consequences of success, some of the consequences of failure."

What's wrong with that? anyone is entitled to ask. What's wrong with it and with the President's related injection of other governments' human rights practices into dealings with those governments is dramatically demonstrated, I believe, by the outcome in Moscow. In matters as delicate, as complex, as vital to human survival as strategic arms limitation is, the President had better concentrate first upon effective communication with the adversary—in this instance the Soviet government—and only after that has been accomplished upon communication with his own people. The fashion after the failure in Moscow was to say with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New York Times that this is still "a springtime in American diplomacy . . . a season of opportunity, a chance to break away from the hostilities of the past." Maybe it is. But the course of events preceding and at the Moscow meeting suggests that President Carter's way is not the way to succeed in strategic arms limitation, which is to say the limitation of nuclear arms that could end springtime forever.

In order "to let . . . the people of this country know what is going on," Mr. Carter disclosed the essence of his strategic arms proposals at the March 24 press conference. He first would ask the Soviet government to join in "actual substantial reduction" of the maximum nuclear carrier levels that Brezhnev and Gerald Ford had agreed upon at Vladivostok in 1974. If this was rejected, he would propose that those maximum levels be extended beyond next October 3, when they otherwise expire, and that "difficult and contentious issues" not settled at Vladivostok be resolved in separate negotiations. The issues in question were whether to include the American cruise missile and the Soviet Backfire bomber in the agreed maximums, whatever they might prove to be. The President hinted that these proposals and several subordinate but important proposals had been disclosed to and discussed with Soviet officials in "private conversations." But he ducked answering when he was asked whether he'd received assurances in these conversations that Brezhnev "is indeed willing to go forward on SALT II." The frigid atmosphere that Vance and his delegation found in Moscow and the breakdown of negotiations there indicated that Mr. Carter was sadly misinformed when he said on March 24: "The very fact that Mr. Brezhnev and his associates have welcomed Secretary Vance to the Soviet Union"—he meant, of course, welcomed Vance's impending visit—"and have helped us prepare a very comprehensive agenda is adequate proof that he has not broken off relationships in any way and that he has hopes that the talks will be productive. My belief is that he [Brezhnev] is acting in good faith . . . . I think that they are acting in good faith. If we are disappointed, which is a possibility, then we'll try to modify our stance." It was evident that he regarded failure as a very remote possibility.

Two references to human rights at the same press conference indicated some muddled Carter thinking. Leonid Brezhnev had just said that improving relationships between the US and Soviet governments would be "unthinkable" if the President, Vance and other American officials persisted in criticizing the treatment of Soviet dissidents. "I think," the President said, "that Mr. Brezhnev has not said that he is concerned about my campaign on human rights. What he said is that he objects to any intrusion into the internal affairs of the Soviet Union." Brezhnev having said in the clearest possible terms that the President's "campaign on human rights" was "intrusion into the internal affairs of the Soviet Union," Mr. Carter's attempt to distinguish the one from the other was remarkably ingenuous, to say the least. When he was asked on March 30 whether he still believed there was no "linkage" between his human rights campaign and the arms negotiations, he conceded no more than that

THE VILE, DESPICABLE REPRESSOR OF HUMAN RIGHTS... I BELIEVE
THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS, HYPOCRITICAL MEDDLER IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHERS ... I PRESUME
The Boston Globe
AFTER LOW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"our assessment is that there was no linkage, but I can't certify that there is no linkage in the Soviets' minds." On March 24 and again during his effort to explain away the Moscow failure on March 30, Mr. Carter argued that "it has been a well-recognized international principle that interference in a government is not a verbal thing." This might have been relevant if the President's campaign in behalf of Soviet dissidents had been solely "verbal." It has included two specific and, to the Soviet government, grievously offensive actions: Mr. Carter's sympathetic letter to dissident physicist Andrei Sakharov in Moscow and his and Vice President Mondale's meeting at the White House with an expelled dissident, Vladimir Bukovsky.

It would be ridiculous to blame President Carter and his negotiators entirely for the failure in Moscow or to dismiss the possibility of recovery when the arms talks are resumed in Geneva in mid-May. Leonid Brezhnev, not Jimmy Carter, terminated the Moscow talks. But it remains true, and the Moscow outcome demonstrates, that truly private diplomacy must precede public diplomacy if any form of diplomacy is to succeed in such difficult and important areas as nuclear arms limitation.

John Osborne

The Chilean junta turns people into mere wraiths of the imagination.

"Desaparecidos"

Four members of a family disappear. On April 29 last year, a 29-year old printer, Luis Emilio Recabarren, was at home with his 21-year-old wife who was then three months pregnant, their two-and-a-half-year-old son, and his brother, a 21-year-old gas-fitter. At ll pm, a group of intelligence officers arrived, armed with machine guns, and arrested them all. An hour later, the infant son was abandoned in a nearby street. When the 51-year-old father of the two brothers, Manuel Recabarren Rojas, tried to trace them and his daughter-in-law, he also was arrested. All four have since disappeared. The authorities deny any knowledge of them.

Where does this happen? It happens in Chile, where the number of disappeared prisoners—the *desaparecidos*—continues to grow. There is something chilling even in this brutal century about that simple word by which the Chilean people call them: the *desaparecidos*, the "disappeared." Amnesty International

An analysis and an apology

Georgia Followup

The race to pick a successor to United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young as US representative from the fifth congressional district of Georgia has gone into a runoff, to be held April 5, between two Democrats: Wych Fowler, Atlanta's city council president, a white; and John Lewis, director of the Southwide Voter Education Project, a black. Young, who built substantial biracial support in the district over four elections, endorsed and aided Lewis. But, as expected, turnout for the special contest was low (about 30 percent) and voting was largely along racial lines. Fowler got only seven percent of the vote in the black community and Lewis got a similar small chunk of white votes. Both totals were well below the proportions each man had hoped to achieve. The final result was Fowler, 39 percent; Lewis, 28 percent; Republican state senator Paul Coverdell, 21 percent; Ralph David Abernathy president, of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, four percent; the balance was scattered among several others.

In an earlier article (*TNR*, March 5) describing the candidate strategies and prospects for the first race, I suggested that in a runoff, Wych Fowler might find it difficult to reassemble Andy Young's black-white coalition, partly because of the way he was attempting to consolidate white support against his strongest white opponent, the Republican Coverdell. As an illustration of that strategy, I cited a letter described to me by a member of Coverdell's staff, who had been sent to Atlanta under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. Allegedly: (1) the letter was in Coverdell's personal possession; (2) it had been mailed to selected voters—by implication white voters—*on behalf of*, not *by*, the Fowler campaign; (3) it argued that while a white Democrat could beat a black Democrat in a runoff, a white Republican could not.

I subsequently have been convinced that the letter was, in fact, a private correspondence expressing a private, albeit widely held, opinion; that it was not widely mailed; and that members of the Fowler campaign had nothing to do with it. Over several days of interviewing in Atlanta, I repeatedly encountered reservations about Fowler's strategy in the first election, and the letter described by Coverdell's manager both reflected those reservations and apparently confirmed their grounds. In fact, both the origins and the purposes of the letter were misrepresented to me; I regret having mentioned it in my article and any harm that it might have caused Wych Fowler.

Ken Bode

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last week published one of its painstakingly detailed reports about their fate, including a photographic dossier of 218 of them and a selection of case histories. If proof were still needed that the present government of Chile has outlawed itself, it is here.

President Carter said during the second of his election debates with former President Gerald Ford that Chile was one example of a country where the United States had neglected to make any response to the violation of human rights. Since he took office he has talked a lot about human rights, but has said nothing about Chile; or about Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay and Bolivia, whose governments are working hand-in-hand with the Chilean government to establish an international machine of repression, stretching across most of a subcontinent.

The general record of the Chilean junta since it seized power on September 11, 1973 is well known: the arrest and detention for varying periods of more than 100,000 people; the torture of many thousands of them; the execution of more than 5000; and the enforced exile of tens of thousands. But there is something peculiarly vile about the "disappeared," who are estimated to number more than 1500. What it means is that the junta is turning actual people into mere wraiths of the imagination.

This is the value of the report by Amnesty International, for it gives these wraiths back the evidence of their existence: their names, their faces, their ages, their parents, their wives, their husbands, their children, their occupations, even their identity card numbers; and it gives also the testimony of reliable witnesses to their arrest and in some cases to their detention in torture camps.

The policy of the junta in making these prisoners just disappear is deliberate: a response to the worldwide criticism of its methods. On November 16, 1976, it sought to improve its image by announcing the release of approximately 300 political prisoners, and shortly afterward the release of 17 more. It claimed that these represented (with the exception of one person) the total number of people held without trial under the state of siege. It was at this point that the significance of the "disappeared" became obvious: the junta needed to deny that they existed.

The disappearances have become more prevalent in the past year. "About a quarter of all arrests in Chile reported to Amnesty International in 1976 resulted in the disappearance of the detainee . . . . Several people who were detained in mid-December 1976 have not been heard of since."

Of course we do not depend only on the evidence collected by Amnesty International. In both 1975 and 1976 the United Nations issued long and detailed reports on the violation of human rights in Chile. The second of these contains descriptions of some of the *unofficial* detention centers where some of the people arrested may now reside. Two of these are described as torture centers, one of them used for "experiments in torture." When some of these centers have become too well-known, the Chilean government has closed them; but the evidence indicates that when this happens, DINA simply opens new unofficial detention centers.

The execution—again unofficial—of Chileans, whose bodies are found scattered in different parts of the country, is accompanied by the same kind of killing of Chileans in Argentina and Uruguay. It is the evidence of this international conspiracy of governments, in the hemisphere to which the United States also belongs, a conspiracy of governments that are members of the Organization of American States, to which the United States also belongs, that makes the issue one that President Carter cannot afford to ignore any longer—unless he wishes to open himself to the accusation that he has used the issue of human rights only symbolically against another great power whose policies he knows he can only marginally influence.

There is plenty of evidence that the guilty Latin-American governments are anxious about the line he has taken on human rights, and by his own reinforcement of that line in his speech to the United Nations. There is evidence also that the failure of the economic policies of the Chilean junta, and of other Latin-American governments, has made them sensitive to economic pressure from the United States. Perhaps even more important, the United States is still training the military and police officers of these countries in the arts of urban guerilla warfare, counterinsurgency, and so on. These programs should be immediately stopped.

This, therefore, is the moment when pressure should be brought to bear on President Carter, to make him bring effective pressure to bear on the Chilean junta and its allies. No one will have reason to believe that the President is sincere about human rights elsewhere in the world, if he is not active about them on the doorstep of the United States.

Henry Fairlie

Charity doesn't begin at home.

Human Rights On Capitol Hill

The Carter administration is willing to risk the wrath of Moscow to protest human rights violations 10,000 miles away, but it shows sings of losing its moral sensitivity, its guts, or both, when wrongs are perpetrated within an Inauguration Day's walk of the White House. No foreign country can claim that mistreatment of its citizens is solely its own business, the President told the United Nations. But the same rule apparently does not apply to the US Congress. In a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"She has cut through the propaganda and shown the authentic man."

—ROBERT KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*

Paul Robeson was one of the best-known and most admired individuals of his time. Yet, a year after his death, he remains virtually unknown to a whole new generation of Americans. Dorothy Gilliam's vivid biography recaptures the drama of his life as a football All American, a legendary actor and singer, and as a humanitarian and political activist who was blacklisted for espousing the Communist cause.

"Paul Robeson was the hero of my youth. Dorothy Gilliam rekindles my memories of him in her quiet and sensitive work. She takes care in bringing back this gentle giant who lifted our national soul to unequaled heights and tested our love of liberty."
—ANDREW YOUNG, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N.

"One of Gilliam's finest achievements is the skillful way in which she weaves the story of American racism into Robeson's own story . . . She is to be congratulated for her sensitivity in this portrait of a man who played an epic role in our national life and who is finally being restored to his rightful place in our history."
—DOROTHY SAMACHSON, *Chicago Daily News*

PAUL ROBESON
All American
by Dorothy Butler Gilliam

Illustrated with photographs
$8.95 at bookstores or
use the coupon below

New Republic Books
Dept. NR
1220 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

TNR

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of *Paul Robeson: All American* @ $8.95 each. D.C. residents add 5% sales tax. (Check or money order enclosed, payable to New Republic Books.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case, now before the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, in fact, the administration is helping Congress preserve its right to mistreat its own employees.

Things obviously aren't as bad on Capitol Hill as they are in Russia or Brazil; by American standards they are merely disgraceful. Congress has passed civil rights laws for the rest of the country to live by, but has specifically exempted itself. Other employers, public and private, are forbidden to discriminate on the basis of race, creed, sex or national origin, but members of Congress are free to be as bigoted or sexist, arbitrary or abusive as they please. Many of them please very much. They demand that employees walk their dogs, fetch their groceries, drive their wives to California, babysit their kids and sleep with *them*, and the employees have no recourse except to quit their jobs. It is more of an option than Dred Scott had, but not much.

Women bear much of the worst of it. They are regularly relegated to positions beneath their skills, paid less than men doing the same work and denied opportunities for advancement. The 1976 survey of the Capitol Hill Womens Political Caucus indicated that of 644 highest-paid congressional staff jobs, only 6.2 percent were held by women, down from 7.4 three years before. In addition to professional discrimination, women on the Hill seem to suffer sexual pressures and indignities beyond the norms of American society. There is probably something tribal in this. Constituents may think of congressmen as village elders, but the congressmen see themselves, puffy and paunchy though they may be, as hunter-warriors, entitled to whatever they want when they want it. John Young and Wayne Hays got caught using public money and positions of power to buy and extort their sexual satisfaction. Plenty of others keep up the tradition.

The abuses occur because congressmen and senators view themselves, inside the sovereignty of Congress, as a co-equal branch of government, as *individually* sovereign and co-equal, too—answerable only to their constituents at election time and not to each other, the public at large, other branches of government or, least of all, the people who work for them. Each member is 1/535th King of the Hill, Royal Highness of his own little office and staff. It is a small domain within which to wield absolute power, but it is enough to corrupt some people absolutely.

The system changes only under pressure, and slowly, and with little enthusiasm from within. After the Hays-Elizabeth Ray affair, equal rights proponents in the House created a voluntary fair employment practices procedure to give recourse to employees who felt they had been mistreated. In a year, however, only 104 of the House's 435 members have signed themselves up to participate in the program. The House leadership has given it no support whatever, and it was ignored by the Obey commission which recommended changes to improve the House's ethical climate. Not even a voluntary plan exists in the Senate.

With Congress lacking any effective grievance procedure, it was inevitable that some wronged soul would sue, and someone did: Mrs. Shirley Davis, former deputy administrative assistant to Rep. Otto Passman. Davis had received a letter from Passman relieving her of her duties because (said the Congressman), "I concluded that it was essential that the understudy to my administrative assistant be a man." Even though Passman had thereby provided Mrs. Davis with the proverbial smoking gun, a US District Court dismissed her suit. She appealed, however, and won a ringing decision on January 3 from the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans, defending her right to bring action against a congressman for violation of her constitutional rights to equal protection, whatever special arrangements for itself Congress may have written into its own statutes. Now the case has been remanded to the District Court. Passman has petitioned for a rehearing.

If the decision stands, congressional employee activists believe it may provide the basis for legal assaults on many forms of Capitol Hill personnel abuse, not merely racial or sexual discrimination. Congress, on the other hand, sees it as a major infringement on its constitutional prerogatives. On the day after President Carter's inauguration, House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill and Republican leader John Rhodes wrote a letter to Attorney General Griffin Bell urgently requesting that he intervene in the case. Rhodes subsequently dissociated himself from the letter, but Rep. John Stack of West Virginia weighed in with another letter written in his capacity as chairman of the subcommittee that passes on the Justice Department's budget.

Instead of lining up with Davis on the side of human rights, or letting Congress stew in its own, self-spiced legal juices, the Justice Department entered as a friend of the court, arguing Tip O'Neill's and Passman's case that the Constitution allows members of Congress to violate the constitutional rights of its employees. The Fifth Amendment accords all citizens equal protection under the law, but the Justice Department brief says, in effect, that it's unenforceable on Capitol Hill. According to Justice, the Constitution's "Speech or Debate" clause not only protects a legislator from being "questioned in any other place" about his lawmaking activities, but also means "a Congressman should not have to answer in court for his reasons to hire or fire an aide." The upshot of the brief is that congressional employees have no rights that members of Congress are bound to respect. It's a familiar enough argument: a modern version of the Dred Scott decision upholding slavery. Jimmy Carter may be sending letters to Andrei Sakharov off in Russia, but closer to home his attorney general is lighting candles to Simon Legree.

Morton Kondracke

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South of the Border: II

Nicaragua, A Wholly Owned Subsidiary

by Stephen Kinzer

President Carter's first comments on human rights abroad have struck fear into the hearts of Nicaragua's ruling dynasty, which has administered the harshest repression in modern Central American history while enjoying lavish support from Washington. Recent reports of escalating terror in Nicaragua, prompted by a pastoral letter banned from publication but read from many of the nation's Catholic pulpits, have led to speculation that Carter may weaken or even terminate the traditionally close relationship between the two governments. That decision, if it comes, would be the most significant development in US-Nicaragua relations since President Taft first dispatched the Marines to Managua in 1912.

The Somoza family regime in Nicaragua is unique, even among Latin American rulers, in the extent to which it has spread its control over the private sector of the national economy. Jack Anderson has labeled the current president, Anastasio Somoza, "the world's greediest dictator." The United States has been directly responsible for installing and supporting the Somoza dynasty, and this gives us a special responsibility in Nicaragua. The regime has always been a virtual subsidiary of the US, an arrangement that has suited the successive Somozas because until now there have been no major conflicts with the US.

US involvement in Nicaragua had its bizarre beginning in 1856, when an American adventurer named William Walker "conquered" the Michigan-sized nation and received official recognition from the US as its ruler. Walker was routed the following year by a force backed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, some of whose holdings in Nicaragua had been confiscated.

The first official US involvement in the nation's politics came in the overthrow of the liberal government of José Zelaya in 1909. Zelaya had defied the US twice in one year by negotiating with Japanese interests for a canal through his country, and by seeking credit from a British banking group. He was viewed in Washington as "unpredictable," and was ousted in a brief US-backed rebellion. But the new government, which immediately signed a series of generous treaties with the US, could not maintain internal order. Faced with growing unrest caused by supporters of the ousted Zelaya, the president wired Washington for help. Help arrived August 14, 1912 in the form of 2700 Marines. The Marines, occupation lasted for two decades. When the Marines left in 1933, they turned military power over to a domestic force they had trained, the National Guard. All the guerilla bands agreed to lay down their arms, with the exception of one led by a man named Augusto Sandino.

Sandino's war with the US Marines was the first foreign anti-guerilla campaign ever waged by American troops. His movement was based in the countryside and its nationalist line attracted the support of many peasants. While Sandino won skirmishes in his familiar highlands, his brother Socrates undertook a public relations tour in the USA under the sponsorship of the All-American Anti-Imperialist League, seeking support for an end to US involvement in Nicaragua.

Meanwhile, US authorities were looking for a trustworthy officer to whom they could turn over the new National Guard. The US ambassador made the final choice: Anastasio "Tacho" Somoza, a West Point graduate and bankrupt coffee farmer who had been a small-time counterfeiter before finding his vocation in the military. Licking their wounds, the US Marines departed from Managua in 1933. Somoza was urged to make peace with Sandino. As instructed, Somoza invited Sandino and his colleagues to the capital with a guarantee of safety; as the guerilla leaders were leaving a dinner with the president on February 21, 1934, they were attacked and killed by National Guard troops. A follow-up "pacification" program in the countryside took several hundred lives in the following week.

This episode provides appropriate background for subsequent Nicaraguan history. Somoza instantly became the central figure in the country, and took over formally as president in 1936. He ruled until he was assassinated in 1956, when, with US backing, his son Luis took over. Luis stepped down in 1963, becoming the power behind the throne until his death in 1968. Then, Anastasio Somoza's younger son, Anastasio II ("Tachito"), the present ruler, assumed office.

The family's hold on political power is insured by the National Guard, which is the nation's only armed force and serves all police and military functions from customs duty and traffic patrol to national defense and domestic "peacekeeping." Since 1933, there has never been a chief of the National Guard not named Somoza. Today, Tachito Somoza is both head of the National

Stephen Kinzer writes for Pacific News Service. This is the second of a series of reports on countries in Latin America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guard and President. Thus, the National Guard is much more than a conventional army or police force. In the words of Rep. Edward Koch (D, NY), it is "the personal instrument of General Anastasio Somoza.... It has remained to this day the principal power base for the ruling Somoza family."

The top brass of the Nicaraguan National Guard—like those of many Latin American military organizations—are trained in counterinsurgency, military intelligence and jungle warfare at the US Army School of the Americas in the Panama Canal Zone. But Nicaragua is the only country which sends the entire annual graduating class of its military academy for a full year of training at the school. Thus about 85 percent of the National Guard leadership is directly trained in anti-guerilla warfare by the United States.

US ambassadors to Nicaragua have typically personified intervention in the eyes of the Nicaraguan opposition. Several of them have become close allies of the Samozas and apologists for them. It is understood in Managua that little of consequence happens without clearance from the US ambassador. "In this country, as in many other Latin American nations, the American ambassador is a proconsul," explained one well-to-do Nicaraguan. "He is like a Roman governor. He is the real power." Resentment of this arrangement reached a peak during the tenure of Ambassador Turner Shelton, a Nixon appointee who served from 1970 to 1975. Shelton was allegedly appointed at the request of Howard Hughes, a Somoza business partner with whom Shelton had worked in the Bahamas. Both in Washington and in Managua, Ambassador Shelton was a vigorous advocate of continued support for Somoza and other similar regimes such as that of Augusto Pinochet in Chile.

When Shelton was replaced, the State Department made it clear that the move was "not to be taken as representing any change in United States policy" toward Nicaragua. The new ambassador, James Theberge, has adopted a less partisan posture, but he obviously read the State Department assurance and supports it. Last June, Theberge visited Washington the week before scheduled hearings on human rights violations in Nicaragua, reportedly urging Congressmen to spare the Somozas any embarrassment.

One facet of Somoza's rule separates him from his fellow military rulers: his total control over the private economy of his country. There is no major industry in Nicaragua that is not dominated by the intricate corporate network of the Somoza family. Somoza owns the national airline LANICA (formerly in partnership with Hughes) and its major new port, Port Somoza. He controls the meat, fish and packaging industries. He completely oversees the construction business through vast holdings in metal fabricating, cement and concrete plants, and the CASANICA building monopoly. Sugar, tobacco, coffee and salt markets are controlled by his family. He directs the financial infrastructure of the country through his banking, investment and insurance companies.

Edmundo Jarquin, an organizer of non-violent opposition in Nicaragua, sees this arrangement as "the complete identification between Somoza and the state. Even in the case of someone like Pinochet in Chile, there is a certain distinction between Pinochet and the state. There are mechanisms of government and an entire private sector which are relatively autonomous from his personal power. But here, every decision comes from Somoza personally.

Somoza is a man with three hats. He has the hat of the military commander, the hat of the businessman, and the hat of the politician. He is the absolute force in all three areas. He changes hats regularly, and when things get difficult, he wears all three."

Fernando Cardenal, a Jesuit priest who testified before last year's Congressional inquiry, conceded in his modest living room in Managua that "to a person who doesn't know our country, these things seem impossible.... A 40-year dynasty which has always identified its interests with those of the country. If you want to do business here, you must do it with him. Somoza pays no taxes on his companies, so it is impossible to compete."

A new field of operation opened up for Somoza's business techniques after the 1972 earthquake which devastated Managua. For example, the US Agency for International Development (AID) allocated $3 million (delivered personally to Somoza by Ambassador Shelton) for housing reconstruction. The entire $3 million was used to buy a tract of land in the Los Brasiles area of Managua—land that Somoza himself had bought three days earlier for $30,000. Though Somoza turned a neat 10,000-percent profit on the deal courtesy of American taxpayers, no housing ever was built on the property.

This is typical of the corruption that has undermined the effort to rebuild Managua. Relief supplies donated by foreign countries have been sold at exhorbitant prices on the black market by National Guard soldiers and reconstruction grants were channeled into family-backed enterprises. It was in response to reports of corruption that baseball star Roberto Clemente decided to fly to Nicaragua, only to be killed when his overloaded relief plane crashed in the Caribbean.

AID announced last week that it has begun an official inquiry into charges that Nicaraguan government officials have converted US funds earmarked for earthquake reconstruction to their personal profit. The outcome of the investigation, along with the renewed attention the Carter administration is giving to human rights in the hemisphere, ought to cause the US to take a closer look at $2.5 million in military credits presently scheduled for Nicaragua.

Today, five years after the quake, a visitor to Managua is stunned by the lack of progress on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reconstruction. There is literally no city left; weeds have overgrown the area that was once downtown. There is no shopping center, no government complex, not even any system of postal address. Foreign governments—except for the US—long ago recognized what was happening to their reconstruction aid, and stopped sending it.

Somoza's family fortune makes him one of the hemisphere's wealthiest men. Much of his money is invested abroad in everything from Swiss banks to US oil companies. His international interests are managed from Miami, which he visits regularly for conferences with advisors like Manuel Artime, who led the Bay of Pigs invasion. (The hapless invaders, it will be remembered, set sail from Nicaragua.)

Ever since Augusto Sandino died in 1934, there have been sporadic guerilla uprisings in Nicaragua. But it was not unitl 1961 that an organized indigenous armed force declared war on Somoza. The group named itself after the figure who inspired it; it is the Sandinist National Liberation Front (FSLN). It enjoyed mixed success through the 1960s, mostly in rural attacks on isolated National Guard posts.

Late in 1974 the FSLN electrified Nicaragua with a spectacular strike at Somoza's doorstep. Several guerillas invaded a Christmas party attended by the cream of Managua society, including a sister of Somoza. The guests were held hostage until Somoza agreed to pay a $1 million ransom, print a lengthy communique denouncing the government, free 14 imprisoned guerillas, and grant them and the invaders free passage to Cuba.

Somoza was outraged and immediately declared the entire country under martial law, a decree that remains in effect today. The National Guard launched a major offensive against the Sandinistas, resulting in thousands of deaths in the countryside, where whole villages suspected of harboring guerillas were destroyed. Villagers in Matagalpa province have described aerial bombings, summary executions and gruesome tortures. In his Congressional testimony, Father Cardenal presented names of several hundred peasants whom he said had been killed or had "disappeared," together with a list of several dozen National Guard officers who he identified as torturers. Groups such as Amnesty International and the National Council of Churches, have consistently criticized the repression that has tightened steadily since the 1974 kidnapping. They were recently joined by the US Department of State.

Somoza, of course, is not the only right-wing US client in Central America. He has been supported by neighboring governments on many occasions. A recent example involves the "Eagle V" military operation in northern Nicaragua—the area of greatest guerilla strength—by CONDECA, the Central American Defense Council. CONDECA troops from Guatemala and El Savador joined Nicaraguan forces in a week-long operation supervised by the US and billed as merely "routine maneuvers." Many Nicaraguans believe that the joint military maneuver was actually an anti-guerilla sweep, and apparently quite successful. Within days after the operation ended last November, two leading FSLN guerillas were killed in combat on successive days.

In the north it is also believed by many that an ongoing American-backed "peasant welfare" program is actually a cover for anti-guerilla activities. The program, called INVIERNO, has received more than $10 million from AID. It was established to extend public services to the rural areas around Matagalpa. But at least some of its activities seem aimed at penetrating the web of support for the rebels in that region.

Over the last year, a more moderate opposition has taken shape in the form of a coalition of all existing political parties, from dissident factions of Somoza's own Liberals to the Communists (who do not support the guerillas). The coalition, called UDEL, is led by the editor of Nicaragua's largest newspaper, Pedro Chamorro. "Ours is a classic dictatorship, characterized by corruption, violence, disorder, and government-sponsored crime," says Chamorro. Now the nation's leading opposition figure, Chamorro can only speak from his office at *La Prensa*, for the government has seized his passport and will not allow him to leave the country even to testify before the US Congress.

Chamorro says, "The UDEL coalition has come together to achieve certain minimum basic and common goals: the democratization of the country, the end of this feudal dynasty, and the founding of a democratic republic in Nicaragua. Our goals are pragmatic. We seek the restoration of press and political freedom, the freedom of laborers to organize, and genuine independence and self-determination. We are guided by nationalist sentiment."

UDEL organizers, despite continual harassment, have managed to hold public meetings in many towns. Chamorro and his allies want to spend the remainder of 1977 solidifying a national base before deciding on their next step. "We aren't thinking about elections," he says. "We face an extraordinarily difficult situation, and at this point, all we can do is organize."

But others, like Father Cardenal, fear that a democratic coalition is doomed to failure. "UDEL has magnificent intentions, they are good people, but they do not have real support because no one here believes in political parties any more. People are either with Somoza or with the guerillas. In UDEL, you don't see any young people. There is no UDEL at the university. The people, especially the youth, are completely polarized."

What will happen in Nicaragua? Most frequent speculation centers on Somoza's health. He flies to the US almost weekly, and at least some of his trips have been to hospitals, where he has reportedly been treated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for leukemia. If he dies, a struggle for power is possible between his young son Anastasio III, a National Guard officer, and an illegitimate son, Jose, who is now Inspector General of the National Guard.

Should Somoza discover that his house of cards is beginning to totter, possibly because of unwanted attention from a rights-conscious American president, there is the possibility that he might resign. While that seems unlikely, it is not impossible. Some foreigners in Nicaragua think that the country is becoming a bothersome subsidiary for Somoza, that if it begins to slip from his control, he might follow in the footsteps of Batista and Peron and seek cover—most likely in Miami, where he is already a familiar figure.

The Nicaraguan question presents a major test of Jimmy Carter's human rights policies. Unless US policy toward Nicaragua is fundamentally altered, it is likely that the guerilla struggle will intensify. The FSLN fighters call their strategy "prolonged popular warfare" and are under no illusions of quick success. "Unfortunately, I think change will come to Nicaragua only by violence," said a Nicaraguan lawyer who has defended guerillas. "I say this for three reasons. First, because Somoza controls all the mechanisms of government through which peaceful change might otherwise come. Second, because the US strengthens Somoza every day. And third, because the governing class here will never voluntarily surrender what it has."

Jacques Chirac mobilizes the remnants of Gaullism.

M. le Maire de Paris

by George Ross

Paris

Jacques Chirac, leader of the Gaullist movement and newly elected mayor of Paris, is an unusually tall man, with a slight tendency to stoop over when addressing ordinary Frenchmen. He has a well deserved reputation for moving politically with speed and drama. He speaks with the authority of a military officer, as if he expected to be obeyed unquestioningly. But Jacques Chirac is not a perfect imitation of General de Gaulle. Gaullism has fallen on hard times. Chirac's voice of authority is not that of a general, but of a young second lieutenant fresh out of military school (which Chirac was not too long ago): too confident, too self-assured for the amount of experience and wisdom behind it. His tone is imperative, but his language is standard Parisian technocratic, lacking in grandeur and *noblesse*. His orations, though delivered with great vigor (a Kennedyism that is one of his favorite words), are flat and somewhat boring.

Chirac's emergence is the result of the precipitous decline of the coalition that has ruled France since 1958, when de Gaulle set up the Fifth Republic. While de Gaulle was president, his power and charisma were sufficient to knit together a diverse group of right and center-right political forces. Under de Gaulle's successor, Georges Pompidou, *grandeur* began to give way to ordinary conservatism and the governing coalition began to fray around the edges. With Pompidou's death in 1974, the presidency passed for the first time into the hands of a non-Gaullist, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. And here the Gaullists' troubles really began. Giscard was the leader of his own political group, the Republican Independents, within the majority coalition. He had his own political goals, in many instances quite different from those of the Gaullists. As he began to act on these goals, conflict within the majority emerged. Not only the political direction taken by the majority was at stake, but also the majority's very survival in the face of an increasingly successful united left opposition coalition. The first major indication that the majority was in crisis was Chirac's resignation as prime minister—a lesser position in the French set-up—last summer. Next came Chirac's lightning takeover of the Gaullist party in the autumn, with the avowed purpose of using it to make war on Giscard. Most important has been Chirac's recent success in the Paris municipal elections.

Giscard believes the survival of the majority depends upon its "opening" to the political center and center-left. He dreams of transforming what is now a right of center coalition into a "middle of the road" bloc dedicated to the construction of an "advanced liberal" society. To create such a bloc Giscard would promote a

George Ross teaches sociology at Brandeis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

series of liberal reforms to appeal to growing numbers of center and center-left "new middle class" voters. To both Giscard and his Gaullist opponents, of course, the main enemy is the Union of the Left, the united front coalition of Communists, Socialists and left radicals.

But Giscard thinks the left's united front is ephemeral. Ultimately, perhaps after a time in power, the Socialist party—composed mainly, he believes, of tame social democrats with little taste for serious social change—will divorce itself from the Communists. When this moment arrives, and Giscard intends to hasten its arrival, Giscard's "advanced liberal" coalition will be there to join the socialists in a workable majority that would isolate all political extremes. With a broad left-center majority in power, a series of modernizing reforms could then be enacted which would "Americanize" French politics and, hopefully, knock the social underpinnings out from beneath the Communist party.

Chirac's strategy, that of the *Grande Peur*, is very different, and much simpler. He and the Gaullists use the growing polarization of French politics to rally moderates and the right against the left, playing on anti-communism of the most primitive kind. Chirac's speeches are full of the kind of Cold War rhetoric that one might have supposed had been long forgotten in a nation as politically sophisticated as France. To Chirac, there is no time to lose to prevent France from falling to the reds with their revolutionary plans to "collectivize" the French economy and their "Marxist program for government." Around this litany of fear and hysteria, Chirac deploys a number of old-time Gaullist homilies such as nationalism, *grandeur*, justice with order, democracy with authority, "participation" (token profit-sharing) for workers, and so on. To Chirac, Giscard's strategy—which includes the possibility of the left actually coming to power for a period in order for the Socialists to discover the inappropriateness of their alliance with the Communists—is tempting fate. Gaullism has become simple conservatism in contemporary France.

Underneath the high strategic debate lies a much more banal power struggle. From the outset, in 1974, Giscard has been in a difficult position. He inherited a majority coalition dominated by the Gaullists. As a result he did not have the parliamentary troops to promote "advanced liberalism." Yet he and his advisers sensed that the Gaullists were losing their political grip, perhaps falling apart from the effects of too many years in power. Thus he began to try to shift the balance of the majority towards the centrists with whom he felt more comfortable and in whose hands he saw the future of France. Mainly this involved giving centrists more power within the government and working in the country at large to put centrists (in particular Giscard's own Independent Republicans) in good positions for success in the 1978 legislative elections. In response to this threat the Gaullists, with Chirac in the lead, have counterattacked. All of this has led to the strange spectacle that one presently observes in France: the united left coalition serenely moves towards power in the 1978 general elections while the "majority" (which has become, according to all available evidence, an electoral minority) uses most of its energy fighting within itself.

The most important engagement so far in the war within the French majority occurred in the recent Paris municipal elections. Giscard was the person who, in fact, decided that Paris should have an elected mayor in the first place, the city having lived for decades without one, run, essentially, by the French government. To Giscard, allowing Paris a real mayoral election gave further witness to the real meaning of "advanced liberalism." At the same time Giscard hoped to use the new political position of such obvious importance and public visibility to strengthen his own centrist forces. To this end he immediately nominated a "Giscardier," his Minister of Industry, Count d'Ornano (a great many "advanced liberal" leaders have quite high noble titles, it seems), to stand for the post. The nomination of d'Ornano was a provocation to which the Gaullists had to respond, which they did by playing their trump card, Chirac. Chirac's success—aided, as it was, by the expenditure of millions of dollars, a stupendous outlay for a French election of any kind—was not overwhelming. The left did extraordinarily well in Paris. A shift of only 2200 strategically placed votes would have led to a Communist mayor in what has become a completely bourgeois urban enclave. But in his struggle with Giscard, Chirac took home all the marbles. The unfortunate Count d'Ornano was not even elected to the Paris Municipal Council. The prestigious office of Mayor of Paris, which Giscard wanted on his side to demonstrate the appeal of his "advanced liberal" strategy, has fallen to Jacques Chirac. Giscard's tactics in Paris, then, have turned into disaster. As a result, the *Grande Peur* strategy of Chirac and the Gaullists has emerged immeasurably strengthened.

Chirac's success was not substantial enough to overcome the pall of political death emanating from the French majority as a whole. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing continues to distinguish himself by a degree of political ineptitude on day-to-day matters rare even in France. He lacks the majority needed to pursue his own brand of "advanced liberal" politics while, at the same time, lacking the political skills and resources to construct such a majority. The French economy is a mess—high unemployment, low growth, too much inflation—and Giscard's government, including the so-called "leading economist of France," M. Barre, has been unable to do much about it. And now, with the Parisian success of M. Chirac, further fratricidal conflict within the majority can be expected. The Gaullists probably will not be satisfied until Giscard is gone altogether. Until then, however, political circumstances will make it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

virtually impossible for Giscard to do much to promote "advanced liberalism." He will probably become an increasingly more uncomfortable prisoner of the Gaullists and their policies.

The vigorous crusade of the new Mayor of Paris may go nowhere too. Jacques Chirac's rallies during the Paris campaign lacked fervor and enthusiasm. The Gaullist faithful were there in number, to be sure, but one sensed that they knew that their cause might already be lost. Part of this is due to the personality of M. Chirac himself. He is not the kind of man to whom a threatened people will turn for redemption. He does not elicit awe and respect. He is not a charismatic figure, except, perhaps, for those who enjoy following raw second lieutenants into battle. He is a clever political tactician, with an in-fighter's sense of where the jugular runs. What he lacks, above all, is vision. Unlike General de Gaulle, he is not a thoughtful man with a grandiose long-term historical perspective. It is hard to mobilize anyone except insiders for a program of palace coups. Beyond this, Chirac has no program at all, except warmed over Gaullist soup and simple-minded anti-communism. Few people really believe in the visions of Gaullism any more. And if the total results of the municipal elections are any indication—a clear victory for the Union of the Left—crude attacks on the Red Menace don't wash very well either. Perhaps the appeal of anti-communism will increase with the approach of the 1978 general elections. However, Chirac has demonstrated a capacity for making anti-communist appeals almost comical. He was quoted, for example, congratulating the people of Paris after the elections for having kept their city in the "camp of liberty," as if the millions of French men, women and children who have lived for years under left municipal rule have been subject to the discipline of the Gulag. Against a thoughtful left, led by genuinely astute and popular leaders, armed with a serious program for change, it is unlikely that this kind of petty Cold War sloganeering will succeed.

In the meantime, however, poor Giscard has very few promising options. If he attempts to pursue "advanced liberalism" between now and next year's general elections, he will be smashed by the Gaullists. If, as seems quite likely, the left wins these elections, he will then have a choice of remaining president and presiding over the implementation of the left's program, or of resigning. If he chooses the former course, he will be politically finished, in all likelihood, because the Gaullists will easily be able to label him as a traitor. If he chooses the latter, under the constitution there would be an immediate presidential election, in which, should he decide to run again, he would have to face a candidate of the united left on one side, and Jacques Chirac on the other. Given the present political arithmetic of France, he wouldn't stand much of a chance.

By contrast, Jacques Chirac's political path is clear. He is likely to be the next conservative candidate for the French presidency, with some chance of victory, depending upon the political circumstances prevailing when the election occurs. Unless Giscard does resign, it does not have to occur until 1981. No one can live too easily with this prospect, however, except, perhaps, Jacques Chirac. Chirac already has set his own political trajectory. He can only take an ever more strident and outrageous anti-left position. Given the raw materials that exist on the political right in France, this position eventually could become genuinely threatening to French democracy.

She went out a housewife, but she came back a star.

Meet Mrs. America

by Jonathan Miller

Dayton, Ohio

Lana Turner, legend has it, was discovered in a booth at Schwab's drug store in Hollywood. Bette Lowrey was discovered here in Dayton. Today, thanks to the leaden imaginations and pack instincts of journalists, she is a star.

The year was 1970. The conventional wisdom was that American journalism was too Washington-oriented. Media types, it was said, spent all their time talking to one another in their protected Eastern enclaves, and as a consequence had no idea what was

Jonathan Miller is a reporter for the *Dayton Daily News*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going on in the hinterlands. The dread result: liberal bias. Nixon and Agnew made this point with some enthusiasm. Reporters for *The Washington Post*, like the bourgeoisie of Phnompenh a few years later, were forcibly uprooted from their comfortable urban lifestyles and sent on long treks into the countryside, there to be reeducated by the people.

It was, therefore, an appropriate year for the publication of a book that gave editors a convenient handle on the real story in America. The book was titled *The Real Majority* and it was written by two Washington-based political gurus, Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg. They revealed sagely that most American voters live not in Washington, but to the west of the Potomac. What's more, they said, the typical voter—though you would hardly know it from the national media—was un-black and un-poor.

Scammon and Wattenberg went on to invent such a person. They said that politicians seeking a national mandate should look to Dayton, Ohio. In a suburb of Dayton, they suggested, the real American voter could be found. And in case anyone doubted them, they provided even more tantalizing details. She was a woman 47 years old, and her son was in college. Her brother-in-law was a cop and her husband was a skilled machinist. She was a registered Democrat but a ticket splitter. She was concerned about race relations and lived in a predominantly white environment.

"It was a game, there was no claim of monumental insight," Wattenberg says of the profile. "The thought was to create a prototype that gave some sort of sense as to who you were going after when you were trying to reach a broad part of the spectrum of the American electorate. It has a metaphor we drew to make a statistical point."

This psychological game had significant impact. Scammon and Wattenberg moved into the most lucrative circles of political punditry and consultantship. Meanwhile the eyes of the nation's editors turned toward Dayton. The Dayton connection to America's pulse was no secret to market researchers, who routinely float their new brands of toothpaste in Dayton supermarkets to test the reaction of consumers. After Scammon and Wattenberg it suddenly became *de rigeur* to seek out and interview a Real American. All that was lacking was a member of the Real Majority to fit the bill.

COMING:
What Form 1040
ought to
look like.

The big break in the hunt, significantly, did not come from any of the Washington press corps, but from a hinterland reporter who worked for the *Dayton Journal-Herald*, a morning newspaper published by a subsidiary of Cox Enterprises. Working backward through a Machinists Union local, the *Journal-Herald* came up with a virtually perfect facsimile of the Scammon and Wattenberg prototype. Her name was Bette Lowrey and she lived with her husband in a modest frame house in Fairborn, a suburb built around Wright-Patterson Air Force base 12 miles east of downtown Dayton. Mrs. Lowrey did not fit the profile exactly. She was a few months short of 47 years old at the time. Her brother-in-law wasn't a policeman, but her two brothers were. No children were in college, but a son had been accepted. She wasn't quite as concerned about law and order and the race problem as The Real Majority had theorized, but she was concerned about political issues, she was a registered Democrat and a regular voter.

Mrs. Lowrey turned out to be a perfect interview subject. She was articulate and photogenic. She spoke in declarative sentences. On the other hand journalists expecting—and possibly hoping—to find Mrs. Lowrey a stereotypical Ohio redneck were surprised to find the woman witty, pleasant and moderate of viewpoint

Life Magazine devoted three pages to Mrs. Lowrey, David Frost flew her to New York to appear on his interview program. James G. Driscoll of *The National Observer*, in one of the first national stories written about her, observed that Mrs. Lowrey's "Lively mind shatters the stereotype the authors [of *The Real Majority*] were trying to describe." William J. Eaton of the *Chicago Daily News* reported that Mrs. Lowrey hated neither blacks or hippies and was far from enthusiastic about the war in Vietnam.

Over the years, dozens more stories have been written and televised interviews taped informing the public about Mrs. Lowrey's opinions on the issues of the moment. After each turn in the Vietnam war and each new Watergate revelation, reporters rushed out to Fairborn to find out what the typical American thought of it all. She became a reliable barometer of confusion, hesitating for months during the Watergate crisis before accepting the need for Nixon's removal. In 1972 Mrs. Lowrey let down the side by voting, although with some distaste, for McGovern. (Ben Wattenberg defends Mrs. Lowrey's decision, arguing that she is, after all, a Democrat and by a slim majority registered Democrats did vote for the Democratic candidate in 1972.) Last year Mrs. Lowrey did better, voting for Carter, but saying she wouldn't have been upset if Ford had won.

Overall, her record has been good. She had confirmed many of the supposedly typical characteristics discerned by such sophisticated political gauges as the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center. And from the perspective of the media, she was a superb

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mechanism for keeping in touch with the masses in what editors like to call a "warm and human" fashion.

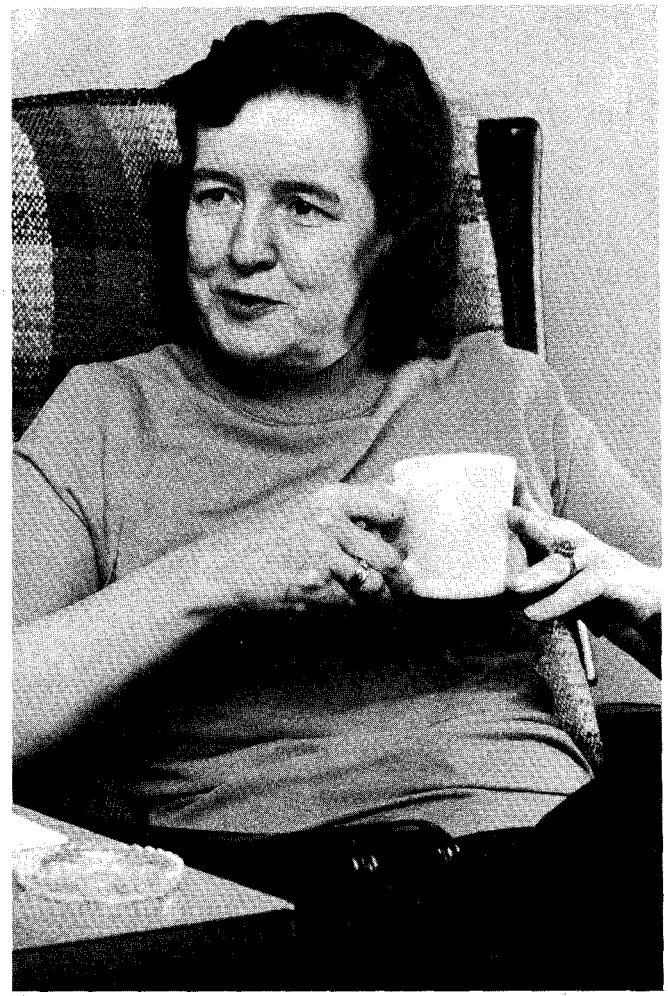
Mrs. Lowrey's success ought to be her downfall. Her rise to national symbolism has been the making of an unaverage American. Mrs. Lowrey has been interviewed so many times she has become a media sophisticate who imparts some of her supposed wisdom "off the record" and who makes sure that reporters have the spelling of her name correct. ("You'd be surprised how many got it wrong.")

She has become an inveterate name dropper and storyteller. (She is on a first-name basis with Ben Wattenberg.) She has lectured to political science classes; stumped for Howard Metzenbaum and Henry Jackson; entertained Sargent Shriver and Tom Brokaw in her living room; dabbled in politics herself a bit in a well publicized but unsuccessful bid to capture a seat on the Green County Democratic Committee. Recently she herself was consulted by Scammon, who called to ask her about inflation. Mrs. Lowrey said she told him "It's an expensive depression." Scammon asked her if he could use the phrase. "Sure," she replied. "All the words are in the dictionary."

But even though she is no longer typical, the media, having found their symbol, have continued to seek her out. From time to time there have been challengers to her title as the spokeswoman for the Real Majority but they have been found wanting. Simon Winchester of the *The Guardian* (England), covering the 1976 campaign, looked for an alternative suburban housewife and left Dayton disappointed; the woman he interviewed was dull, he said. An earlier foray to Dayton by a French television crew found Mrs. Lowrey out of town on vacation in Arizona. The French appealed for a substitute over a local television station. There is no record of who they found. Eventually, it is Mrs. Lowrey who is always interviewed, Mrs. Lowrey who tells America what it really thinks.

The time has probably come to forget about Mrs. Lowrey. She was widowed in January; she is older now; and she is no longer a typical voter, only, at best, a voter who at one time may have been typical. Her involvement in political campaigns has colored her objectivity. One aspect of Mrs. Lowrey's celebrity that is especially damaging to claims that she is typical American voter is her friendship with Ben Wattenberg. Wattenberg, having anointed her as the oracle of typical American views, seems to have used his friendship with a naturally grateful Mrs. Lowrey to influence those views. Mrs. Lowrey's favorite politician is Henry Jackson, who just happens to be her pal Ben's favorite politician (and sometime employer) too. Wattenberg does not deny that he may bear some responsibility for convincing Mrs. Lowrey of Sen. Jackson's many merits.

And even Wattenberg says that if he were redrawing the profile today Mrs. Lowrey would not fit. While she has been getting older, the typical American voter has been getting younger; today, Wattenberg says, that



Mrs. Bette Lowrey—photo by Bill Shepherd of the Dayton Daily News.

person probably would be about 45 and a half. And while the voter would still be a woman and the wife of a blue-collar worker and Dayton would still be "pretty good," a better place to look would be around Evansville, Indiana, to reflect population shifts to the south and west.

"She's a delightful woman, very bright," said Wattenberg. "We never wrote about Bette Lowrey, we wrote about a stereotype. She happened to fit. If you believe as Scammon and I believe that the American voter is pretty damn smart and pretty intelligent then she was a typical voter. Even then we got pretty lucky on her."

Mrs. Lowrey, now 53, continues to grant interviews and remains convinced that she is a very real symbol, although she is offended by the "Mrs. Average" tag that some journalists have attached to her. "People have a misconception of what average is," she says. "It's not good, it's not bad. Average really is the wrong word. Typical is better. I represent not myself but the majority, which is female, Democratic and lives in small suburban towns."

She says she enjoys the publicity. "Before this," she says, "the only other time I made the paper was for my pet bullfrog."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Fearful Pleasures

Black Sunday (Paramount). A Palestinian guerrilla fights for his life through the crowded streets of Miami. It's a much better thrill-sequence than the former Nazi death-camp commander strolling through the Manhattan diamond district in *Marathon Man*. And it's the high point of *Black Sunday*, though not its official climax. John Frankenheimer, whose career has blown warm and chilly and still blows a bit cool in parts of this film, has directed the sequence excellently; with his editor Tom Rolfe, who also worked with him on *French Connection II*, he makes us lean forward anxiously and shrink back in fear at the same time.

That simultaneous lean-and-shrink is what we want from thrillers, but how infrequently we get it and how frequently these days we're supposed to find it. Thrillers, specifically political thrillers, are not exactly new in film history, but production has stepped up lately, and with each step the stakes get inflated. Nobody makes a political thriller about a kidnapping or a murder any more: the plot has to be the kidnapping of the whole US Congress or the murder of the entire UN Security Council. Unfortunately, as in currency, inflation doesn't guarantee value.

Some of the '70s crop and a few to come: *The Kremlin Letter, The Mackintosh Man, The Odessa File, The Next Man, The Cassandra Crossing, The Domino Principle, Twilight's Last Gleaming, The Parallax View, The Day of the Jackal, The Eagle Has Landed, Three Days of the Condor, The Wilby Conspiracy* (one of the tightest but modest in scope and therefore neglected), even Antonioni's *The Passenger*. The best general thing that can be said about this list of films is that Burt Lancaster is not in many of them. The most impressive thing about the (incomplete) list is that it can be made at all.

Along with the increased audience appetite for this kind of thriller have come appetites for disaster pictures (*Earthquake, The Towering Inferno*) and supernatural shakers (*The Exorcist, The Omen, The Sentinel, Burnt Offerings* the abominable *Carrie*, the not even abominable *Audrey Rose*). Snap psychosocial analysis is terribly tempting: I'll just allow myself to say that fear has become the Number One escape. And the political thriller seems revved up, not to warn us against the destruction of civilization but to prepare us for it. In that split-second after ground zero, how grateful we will be to Paramount and Warners and UA and all the independents for easing the shock.

Frankenheimer's script, by Ernest Lehman, Kenneth Ross and Ivan Moffat from a Thomas Harris novel I haven't read, centers on a Palestinian plot to terrorize the US in order to discourage support of Israel. The Big Scene involves the crowd of 82,000 at the Super Bowl in Miami. (So there's a coincidental echo of the recent *Two-Minute Warning*.) Marthe Keller is a Palestinian activist, given a German mother to explain her accent. Bruce Dern plays her lover/pawn—a former US Navy officer, an ex-POW who was brainwashed in Vietnam. (A less coincidental echo of Frankenheimer's *Manchurian Candidate*). Robert Shaw is an Israeli secret operative with an accent concocted somewhere in outer space. And Fritz Weaver is an FBI bigwig—pretty nervy casting against type but successful.

Frankenheimer and his writers were after something more than the patly complicated characterizations of most of these thrillers, particularly in Dern. The tensions between Dern and Keller are an attempt, somewhat realized, to draw a paradox: one man's psychosexual knots as the basis for a gigantic terrorist operation. Shaw, too, is something more than a standard hardened operative (and has one notably good moment as he watches a colleague's body being loaded on a plane for return to Israel). Some of the direction, in addition to the Miami street fight, has the desirable lean-shrink quality, and the finish, like that of *French Connection II*, is an action without comment, nicely unrounded off. A great deal of very complicated shooting (camera, that is) at the Super Bowl is neatly handled, and the thrills of football and imminent bombs are sardonically juxtaposed.

But the film is just too long. It runs over two and a quarter hours, and Hitchcock, Reed and Frankenheimer combined couldn't sustain a thriller that long. For instance, a sequence with a blimp toward the end is in two sections: if it had been telescoped into one strophe, the suspense would have been easier to sustain. If the whole picture had run 100 minutes, there wouldn't have been time for the sags. Even as it is, it has some tension, texture, and zing.

Book Note. After a political thriller, a book about the man who made some of the earliest and best. In fact, with the possible exception of Hitchcock, no director other than Fritz Lang can be said to have put such vivid images of politics-cum-terror into the unconscious of the Western world. Lang's imagination had plenty of other reaches, but as with Roman Polanski, there seemed to be some sort of ghastly affinity between his life—including his personal life—and violence. Lotte Eisner tells us in her book, called simply *Fritz Lang*, that Lang's first wife committed suicide when she found him *in flagrante* with Thea von Harbou, who was his collaborator and later his second wife, and that for a time Lang was suspected of murder.

Eisner seemed the right person to fill the Lang gap in film literature. She is German-born, an art historian by training, who left Germany for France in 1933 and has long been associated with the Cinémathèque Française in Paris. (She writes in French.) Her book *The Haunted Screen*, about the German '20s, is exceptionally good film history, treated stylistically, and her book about Murnau, though patchy, has value. In

Films Worth Seeing

Cousin Cousine. Fairy-tale sex posing as reality, but nicely French, so nice.

The Marquise of O. . . An exquisite film, in German, by Eric Rohmer out of Kleist. Not to be missed or forgotten.

Network. Paddy Chayefsky vs. the TV Establishment. Vigorous, phony, razzle-dazzling.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Sherlock Holmes, Sigmund Freud, wit, dash, spoofery. *That's* entertainment!

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

background and education, through personal understanding of exile, through long friendship with Lang, she was equipped to write on this director; but the result falls somewhat short of first-class.

In general there is a rich warm sympathetic embrace of Lang's work, German and American, a feeling for his temperament, and some really helpful analysis of the films. See, for instance, her comments on visual parallels in *Spione* or her understanding of the governing style of *Metropolis*. But some of her comments are puzzling: e.g., on *M*, "What [Lang] wanted to say was that the ultimate reason for the murders is the unequal distribution of wealth." This for a film in which, as William Troy wrote, "The modern psychopath, through Peter Lorre's acting, attains to the dignity of the tragic hero." And some of Lang's American films are hardly commented on at all, are merely synopsized.

David Robinson, who edited the translation by Gertrude Mander and whose name is blazoned on the jacket, has not saved Eisner from some easily avoidable errors. The *Morro Castle* disaster is misnamed, the stock American Everyman is referred to as Joe Doe (apparently a blend of Joe Doakes and John Doe), the date of the founding of HUAC is off by nine years, Lion Feuchtwanger is given the wrong first name, several other names are misspelled, and the title of Frank Borzage's film of *Liliom* is said to be *Carousel*, which was the title of the subsequent Rodgers and Hammerstein musical of the play. Possibly the most careless error of the lot is Robinson's misquotation of the famous Shakespearean stage direction "Exit, pursued by a bear" as "Enter the bear." Twice. This book proves yet again that the editorial standards applied to film books are generally lower than those applied to other books, even by reputable publishers.

The publisher in this case is the London firm of Secker & Warburg, who also published *Murnau*. The sheets (416 pp.) were imported by Oxford, and handsomely illustrated they are, as well they might be at $25. But at that price Robinson and S & W might have been more editorially scrupulous—and might have provided an index, which is badly needed.

Most film books are not good enough to be disappointing. At least *Fritz Lang* is a bit of a disappointment.

Octavio Paz

SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE

Text of a lecture delivered by Octavio Paz at Yale University on December 4th, 1976

We all have a more or less clear idea about the theme under discussion. It is, of course, a unified yet multiple topic, with obscure origins, imprecise limits, a changing and contradictory nature, an unforeseeable end . . . . Nonetheless, all these diverse circumstances and properties refer to a body of literary works—poems, stories, novels, plays, essays—written in Castilian Spanish in what were once Spanish possessions on the American continent. That is what we are dealing with. Our doubts start with the name itself: is this literature Latin American, Iberoamerican, Spanish American or Indo-American? Recourse to the dictionaries increases rather than lessens our confusion. For example, Spanish dictionaries tell us that the adjective *iberoamericano* applies to the peoples of America who were formerly part of the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal. The vast majority of Brazilians and Spanish Americans do not accept this definition, and prefer to be called "Latin American." Moreover, "Iberia" means ancient Spain and also an Asiatic country of classical antiquity. Why use an ambiguous word describing two vanished peoples as a name for a univocal, contemporary reality? "Indo-American" does not even appear in the dictionaries, though we can find the words "Indo-European" and "Indo-Germanic." On the other hand, the same dictionaries supply us with the ugly word "Amerindian." No Maya or Quechua would like to know that he is an Amerindian. In any case, "Indo-American" is no use: it refers only to the Indian tribes of our continent; their literature, generally oral by tradition, is only one chapter in the history of

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE of INDIANA INSURANCE COMPANY

Serving America's Union Families

THE AMERICAN INCOME PHILOSOPHY

. . . to recognize what is and what can be
. . . to know where we are and where we are going
. . . to dream big and implement realistically
. . . to recognize responsibility and make decisions with sensitivity

We operate under the free enterprise system and are basically like other insurance companies with one difference, however. We are union through and through. Our office force and agents are union members and covered by negotiated contracts.

Of the 1,700 insurance companies in America, 15 giant companies do 85% of the business. That means that the other 1,685 fight for what's left. Even though **American Income Life** has over $70 million in assets and is stable and successful, we are among the companies competing for your business.

We're living proof that a company with union contracts can compete with non-union companies. Our employees enjoy the protection of union contracts and wages, yet our policies cost no more than similar policies offered by non-union and anti-union insurance companies.

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY . . .
a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets in excess of 70 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to:
Kenneth W. Phillips, Vice Pres. and Controller
P.O.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American civilizations.

The Spanish word *latinoamericano* is not found in most Spanish dictionaries. The reasons for this omission are well known, and I will not repeat them; I will only remind you that they are historic and patriotic in origin rather than linguistic. If the word "Latin" in one of its usages denotes "a person whose language is derived from Latin," then clearly it is perfectly appropriate to the American nations which also speak those languages. Latin-American literature is the literature of America written in Spanish, Portuguese and French, the three "Latin" languages of our continent. Almost by a process of elimination the real name for our topic emerges: "Spanish-American" literature is the literature of those American countries whose mother-tongue is Castilian Spanish. It is a historical but above all a linguistic definition. Nor could it be otherwise: The fundamental reality which determines a literature is language. It is a reality irreducible to other realities and concepts, be they historical, ethnic, political or religious. The reality *literature* never coincides completely with the realities *nation, state, race, class* or *people*. Medieval Latin literature and Sanskrit literature of the classical period—to quote well known examples—were written in languages which were no longer living. There is no people without a literature but there is literature without a people. Furthermore, such is the fate of all literatures: they become living works written in dead tongues. The immortality of literatures is an abstraction, and its name is library.

Painting is made of lines and colors which are forms; literature is composed of letters and sounds which are words. If literature is to be defined by the material which gives it form—language—then Spanish-American literature is only a branch of Spanish. This idea prevailed until the end of the 19th century, and no one was scandalized when it was repeated by Spanish critics. It has its explanation: until the practitioners of *modernismo* (the poetic movement originating in Spanish America around 1880, roughly analogous to French Parnassianism and Symbolism, and therefore having no connection with what in English is called "modernism") appeared, it was not easy to perceive any originality in Spanish-American literature. There had been, it is true, from Romanticism onward a vague aspiration toward what was called "literary independence" from Spain. Despite its popularity, this idea—which was an ingenuous transposition of liberal political programs to literature—produced nothing worthy of being recorded. Literary patriotism was less harmful than Socialist Realism, but it was just as sterile. Spanish-American literature was born a little later on, without fanfare and like a slow breaking-off from the literature of Spain. It appeared first, timidly, in the works of a few Romantics—José Hernández's memorable *Martín Fierro* comes especially to mind. The *modernistas* completed the break. But the *modernista* poets rejected Spanish traditionalism and purism more to affirm the universality of their poetry than their American originality. Their attitude reminds us of Pound and Eliot rather than Whitman: just like the North American poets later, on Darío and the other Spanish Americans at the beginning of this century were trying to join themselves to a universal tradition. In both cases the bridge was French Symbolism. For the first time in our history the Spaniards heard what the Spanish Americans were saying. They heard and they answered: the dialogue of two literatures within the same language had begun.

The birth and evolution of the literatures of America in English, Portuguese and Spanish is a phenomenon unique in the universal history of literatures. Generally the life of a literature blends with that of the language in which it is written; in the case of our literatures their infancy coincides with the maturity of the languages. Our primitives come after a centuries-old tradition, not before it: they are the descendants of Spenser, Camoens and Garcilaso. Our literatures begin at the end, and their classics are Whitman, Darío, Machado de Asis. The language we speak is a language exiled from its place of birth, which reached our continent already fully developed, and which we, with our writings, have replanted in American soil. The

The T.J. Holt Investment Advisory presents . . .

A Special New Report on South African Golds

How will the riots in South Africa, recent Communist conquest of Angola, and the political clashes in Rhodesia affect South African gold investments?

The Holt Investment Advisory believes it's time to take a sober, in-depth look at the prospects for South African golds. In a special new report, the *Advisory* gives its carefully-researched and totally frank answers to such questions as . . .

- *Is a full-scale racial revolution* likely to erupt in South Africa?
- *If the whites lose full control* of the South African government, what will probably happen to foreign-owned equity interests in the mines?
- *What chance do the Communists have* of taking over South Africa?
- *Regardless of political developments,* can the mines prevent sharply rising costs—they have doubled since 1972—from gobbling up potential profits?

In addition, since the fate of South African golds is intimately tied to gold itself, the *Advisory* also explores such questions as . . .

- *How will the IMF gold auctions* affect the gold market now?
- *Will the U.S. Treasury conduct its own gold auction?* If so, what will be the result on gold prices?
- *Why are the world's Central Bankers publicly poor-mouthing gold* — yet privately stockpiling huge amounts?
- *Will crises in the English pound sterling,* the Italian lira and the Mexican peso trigger a new flight out of paper money and into gold investments?
- *Which way is gold headed now?*

. . . And How Will All This Affect South African Golds?

In this report the *Advisory* answers these questions and many more. In addition, it provides a *Complete Review and In-Depth Evaluation* of 14 widely-traded South African golds with specific recommendations, specific projections for dividend payments and profit potential.

Special Introductory Offer

This special report on South African golds is yours as a bonus with a 2-month (4-issue) Introductory Subscription to *The Holt Investment Advisory*. To receive your bonus report and your Introductory issues, return the coupon below today.

About The Holt Investment Advisory

The *Advisory* is published on the first and third Fridays of each month. Each issue contains at least 12 pages of analysis and specific recommendations geared to a *total investment* approach. *Regular features include:* Analysis of International Monetary Trends Including Gold . . . The Stock Market's Technical Condition . . . Computerized Evaluations of 200 Widely-Held Stocks . . . 87 Bonds Evaluated for Safety, Liquidity and Yield . . . Monthly Ratings of Selected Warrants . . . Convertible Bond Survey . . . High Potential Speculation . . . and more.

The Holt Investment Advisory
277 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me your special report on South African golds as a bonus with my 2-month (4-issue) Trial Subscription to *The Holt Investment Advisory*. My $10 is enclosed.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

Your subscription is a tax-deductible expense. Subscription not assignable without your consent. © 1977, The Holt Investment Advisory. ER 103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

language unites us with another literature and another history; the land in which we live asks us to name it, and so the exiled words bury themselves in this soil and take root. Exile becomes a transplanting.

When did we begin to feel different? Though in the 17th century Ruíz de Alarcón already seemed strange to his Spanish contemporaries and knew it, he never doubted his Hispanicism and he considered his strangeness a defect. Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz was aware of herself as American and more than once called Mexico her native land, but she had no doubts about her filiation: her work and her person belonged to Spain. In the sensibilities of those born in the colonies a diffuse, confused patriotism begins to be noticeable at about that time, a still faint desire to separate from Spain. In the 18th century the Jesuits encouraged these feelings and began to formulate them in historical and political terms. The expulsion of the Society did not hold up the process but it helped to side-track it: more and more the colonials looked outside their own tradition for a political philosophy which would offer a foundation for their separatist aspirations. They found it in the ideas behind the War of Independence in the States, and the French Revolution. But these ideas, by cutting them off from Spain, also cut them off from themselves. The result of our independence was diametrically opposite to that of North American independence. Driven by the strong feeling of national mission which these ideas gave them, the North Americans created a vast, new country; the Spanish Americans used these ideas as weapons in their sterile and bloody quarrels until the continent disintegrated into a plethora of nations and pseudo-nations. For the North Americans these ideas were a mirror in which they recognized themselves and a model which inspired them; for us they were disguises and masks. The new ideas did not reveal us: they hid us.

The split between the patriotic feelings of the colonials and the political ideas they adopted is reproduced in the literature. I have already mentioned the appearance of the idea of "literary independence." This concept gave rise to a stubborn prejudice—a belief in the existence of national literatures. As well as being an abusive application of the idea of "nation" to the world of letters, this belief has also impeded proper understanding of our literature. Each of our countries claims to have its own literary history, and distinguished critics like Pedro Henríquez Ureña and Cintio Vitier have held forth on the distinctive features of Mexican and Cuban poetry. It is hardly worth pointing out yet again that, though it is not difficult to find notable Cuban or Argentine writings, it is difficult to identify a Cuban or Argentine literature with characteristics of its own, and especially difficult to identify one which constitutes an intelligible field for historical and literary comprehension. Toynbee rightly thought that the first condition of the historical object is to be an intelligible unity, a self-sufficient and relatively autonomous totality. A historical society is a unity of this sort. Literature is a body of works, authors and readers: a society within society. There are excellent Colombian, Nicaraguan and Venezuelan poets and novelists but there is no Colombian, Nicaraguan or Venezuelan literature. All these supposed national literatures have meaning only as parts of Spanish-American literature. Lugones is incomprehensible without the Nicaraguan Darío, and López Velarde without the Argentine Lugones. The history of Spanish-American literature is not the sum of the unconnected, fragmentary literary histories of each of our countries. Our literature is made up of the relationships—collisions, influences, dialogues, polemics, monologues—between a few personalities and a few literary trends and styles which have crystallized into works. These works have crossed over national and ideological frontiers. The unity of disunited Spanish America lies in its literature.

How do we distinguish Spanish-American literature from Spanish? The French use an odd periphrasis to designate works written in that language by Belgian, Swiss, Senegalese or Caribbean authors: *"littératures d'expression française."* Which of us would dare call Darío or Vallejo poets "de *expression castellana*"? The Castilian language has spread far beyond Castile. The apparent paradox of Spanish-American literature lies in the fact that while it is written in Castilian Spanish, it would be obvious madness to call Neruda, Güiraldes and Rulfo Castilian or even Spanish authors. It is an apparent paradox because if it is true that literatures are made of words, it is also true that writers change words. Spanish-American writers have changed Castilian Spanish, and this very change is Spanish-American literature.

Several brilliant exaggerations have been written about the changes that the Spanish language has undergone and the relationships of our writers with their native tongue, violent and impassioned like all profound relationships. It has been said that we Spanish-Americans speak a language not our own, which we possess only through an act of violence; that every genuinely Spanish-American work is a passional act of conquest, a half religious, half erotic mystery in which the writer sacrifices European words on the altar of American authenticity; that Spanish-American books drip verbal blood—the blood of nouns, adjectives, adverbs and verbs, the colorless blood of the syntax and prosody of Castile; that the writer, armed with his typewriter as if it were an obsidian knife, becomes an actor in a sumptuous barbaric ritual: either he is a heroic lover and each of his poems or stories is the representation of a rape not of the Sabine women but of words, or he is the liberator, the guerrilla, the revolutionary leader who frees language from its chains. All these metaphors express the historical, erotic and political obsessions which have simultaneously inflamed and blinded our writers for the last 20 years.

In a short essay like gentle rain putting out all these fireworks, Gabriel Zaid has reminded us that Spanish Americans speak the same language as the Spaniards. For this reason alone our relationship with Cervantes, Lope de Vega or Quevedo cannot be very different from theirs. Being born in Antofagasta or in Navajoa is no obstacle to the understanding of Góngora; the difficulties which exist are of another order and have nothing to do with place of birth. Borges once said that the differences between the Spanish and the Argentines was that the former had already had a Cervantes while the latter could have him some day. Dazzling but false: *Don Quixote* belongs more to Borges—if a work can *belong* to us as a thing does—than to a Madrid lawyer or an inkeeper in Valladolid. Moreover, in America there is greater linguistic unity than in Spain, and it is obvious that a native of Lima or Santiago is nearer Cervantes's language than is a Catalan, a Basque or a Gallegan. The classics of Castilian literature are not owned by the Spaniards of the peninsula: they belong to all of us who speak the language: they are ours. Of course, it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not enough to speak the language; culture is not an inheritance but an expression of choice, loyalty and discipline. It is rigor and passion. No, the words which we Spanish-American writers use—except for local idioms and individual peculiarities of style—are no different from those used by the Spaniards; what is different is the result—the literature.

Is there a literary Spanish-American language different from that of the Spaniards? I doubt it. Styles, trends and personalities communicate above and beyond frontiers and oceans. There are families of writers, but these families are not united by blood or geography but by tastes, preferences and obsessions. More than one Spanish-American writer descends from Valle Inclán, who in turn decends from Darío and who learnt a great deal from Lugones. And so? We must distinguish between literary influences, unpremeditated resemblances and irreducible differences. The first of these have been reciprocal and profound. Styles, literary fashions and trends are never national. Styles travel, crossing countries and imaginations, transforming literary geography as much as the sensitivity of authors and readers. There are Expressionist, Baroque, Romantic and Neoclassical countries. The country of Expressionism is not in Mexico nor Spain nor Peru but within certain Spanish, Mexican, Peruvian writers. The nation of the avant-garde is nomadic though it shows a predilection for the South-American capitals, Buenos Aires, Santiago. It would be a mistake to confuse influences and the predominance of this or that style with the unpremeditated resemblances among writers from different countries. These resemblances are almost always more profound, originating from similarities of temperament and genius. A literary work is the product of different circumstances combined in an unforeseeable way: the character of the writer, his biography, his readings, the environment in which it has been his fate to live, and other accidentals. Similar circumstances in different temperaments produce contrary, or at least, dissimilar works. Furthermore, religion, philosophy or the concepts which individuals have about this world and the next have their effect also. There are undeniable affinities of sensibility and shared readings (Valéry, for instance) between Jorge Guillén and José Gorostiza, but these similarities branch off from each other and come to rest in two opposite visions: the Spaniard is born up on the wave of being, and the Mexican is engulfed by the same wave. With equal sharpness the same verbal transparency outlines the contrary monosyllables: Yes and No.

As for what I have called "irreducible differences": I believe in the character of peoples and civilizations, so that to me the Spanish temperament is one thing and the Spanish-American another (or rather others). And yet it seems doubtful to me that an ensemble of traits could be picked out as being characteristic elements of our literature. Certainly, from *modernismo* onward, we Spanish Americans have shown a livelier and more open sensitivity toward the outside world than have the Spaniards. Almost all the great poetic movements of this century have reached Spain by way of Spanish-American poets. The same thing has happened, by the way, in English: like Darío and Huidobro in Spain, Pound and Eliot were accused in England of "esthetic Gallicism." Cosmopolitanism, a word used sometimes admiringly, sometimes as a stigma, has been seen as one of the characteristics of Spanish-American literature. The contrary is also true: one of our obsessions has been Americanism in its different versions, from colonialism to "nativism" and New World-ism. One of the best modern poets in our language, Ramón López Velarde, celebrated with honor and tenderness not Rome, Babel or Tenochtitlán but Zacatecas, the *bizarra capital de mi estado, que es un cielo cruel y una tierra colorada* ("the gallant capital of my province, which is a cruel sky and red soil"). In North American poetry the same oppositions appear expressed with similar passion: Vallejo's Americanism challenging Huidobro's cosmopolitanism corresponds to William Carlos Williams's attitude toward Eliot's Europeanism. Literature is the realm of exceptions and singularities. In this realm what counts are not families and species but individuals and unique examples: not Baroque style but Gongora and Quevedo, not *modernismo* but Marti or Darío. Santayana wanted to write, in the best possible English, his ideas and experiences as a Mediterranean Spaniard—the least English combination possible. His ideal is that of all writers. In literature society is reflected, but more often contradicted.

What I have just written seems to deny what I asserted at first. Then I said that Spanish-American writers had changed Castilian Spanish and that this change was Spanish-American literature; now I maintain that we Spanish Americans write the same language as do the Spaniards, and yet have created a literature different from theirs. Where does this leave us? The contradiction exists in the literature itself, not in me. The essence of literature is contradictory. Yes, each writer changes the language given him at birth, but in this change language is preserved and perpetuated. The writer changes it in its very being, makes it more profoundly and wholly itself. In this change language realizes some of its most secret and unsuspected possibilities. Conciseness and surprise, that double verbal operation at the heart of which the strictest logic produces a demonstration of the unreality of the world and of time, these are virtues which we now associate with Borges's style but which Borges did not invent. Implicit in the very nature of Spanish there existed these possibilities which his writing has made visible and palpable. The writer does something more valuable than invent: he discovers. And what he discovers is something which already existed in the language, more like an immanence of apparition than a presence. The writing of our best authors seems a transgression of Spanish. Perhaps it is, but in this transgression the language realizes and consummates itself: it is. In this sense we Spanish Americans have changed Spanish, and by changing it we have remained faithful to it. The worst infidelity is purism.

The existence of Spanish-American literature is beyond doubt: the works are there, within reach of our eyes and minds. Many of these works are remarkable and some of them are truly unique. Nor can it be doubted that these poems, novels and stories could only have been written by Spanish Americans, and that in these books the Spanish language, while remaining what it is, is no longer the same as the language which the Spanish writers use. I will add that Latin-American literature is a new arrival. It is the youngest of Western literatures. From the beginning of our civilization the literatures of the West have risen up, gradually, one after the other. In the 19th century two great literatures came into being—Russian and North American. In the 20th century Latin-American literature sprang up with its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two great branches, Brazilian and Spanish-American. I have talked elsewhere about our greatest lack: the absence of a tradition of critical thought like that which the rest of the Western world has had since the end of the 17th century. It is a lack which we share with Spain and Portugal, and at the other end of our world, with Russia. Our countries had no 18th century and our modernity is incomplete. But these shortcomings do not turn us into citizens of that third world invented by economists, whose name is nowadays the bell rung by the demagogues to round up the flock, a bell which lures into the sheepfold and the slaughter-house. No, we write in Castilian, a Latin language; we are one of the boundaries of the Western world. A poor, blood-stained continent, an eccentric, frontier civilization. Why not add that this desolation at times is lit up by strange, lively lights?—anarchic peoples, tyrants of every shape and size, poverty, violence, oppression, intolerance and the rule of the lie to right and left. Also imagination, sensitivity, refinement, sensuality, joy, a certain stoicism in the face of life and death—temperament. Lopéz Velarde defined Mexico as a country *castellano y sarraceno, rayado de azteca* ("Castilian and Sarracen, streaked with Aztec"). The formula is not wholly applicable to Venezuela or Chile, but the central element is common to all Spanish-American countries: the language and all that it signifies. The nations of America, whatever language they speak, are the result of Western expansion. We all speak in transplanted tongues.

The diversity of Spanish-American works cannot be reduced to a few characteristic traits. Isn't the same true of other literatures? Who could define French, English or Italian literature? Racine and Chateaubriand, Pope and Wordsworth, Petrarch and Leopardi, though they wrote in the same language, all inhabited different worlds. Why struggle to define the character of Spanish-American literature? Literatures have no character. Or rather, contradiction, ambiguity, exception and hesitancy are traits which appear in all literatures. At the heart of every literature there is a continuous dialogue of oppositions, separations, bifurcations. Literature is an inter-weaving of affirmations and negations, doubts and interrogations. Spanish-American literature is not simply a body of works, but the relationships among these works. Each of them is a reply, spoken or silent, to another work written by a predecessor, a contemporary or an imaginary descendant. Our criticism should explore these contradictory relationships and show us how these mutually exclusive affirmations and negations are also in some sense complementary. Sometimes I dream of a history of Spanish-American literature which would tell us about this huge, multiple, almost always clandestine adventure, undertaken by a few spirits in the moveable space of language. The history of our letters would console us a little for the despair which our real history produces in us.

Translated by Rachel Phillips

Octavio Paz's most recent books are *The Siren & the Seashell & Other Essays on Poets & Poetry*, translated from the Spanish by Kemp, Lysander & Peden (Univ. of Texas), and a book of poems, *Eagle or Sun* (New Directions).

An Appreciation

Jorge Guillén

Jorge Guillen turned 84 on January 18th, the oldest and surely the finest Spanish poet alive. Nor has he achieved this eminence merely through survival. When his verses first began to appear in Ortega y Gasset's *Revista de Occidente* in 1924 it was evident that a new Castilian voice of exceptional power and originality had joined the consortium to be known as the Generation of 1927, the year in which Guillén, Lorca, Salinas, Dámaso Alonso, and others banded together to rescue Luis de Góngora (who died in 1627) from obloquy and proclaim him the poets' poet of Spain's Golden Age.

Guillén is commonly if not quite rightly thought to have inherited Góngora's mantle, because his poems are at times so transparent, so literally intended, that one does not readily see what they are saying. The mantle becomes him, however, if only because of his singular devotion, like Góngora's, to his art and craft, and it may be this purity of purpose that has kept Guillén's achievement from receiving "the full recognition it deserves." The Bennett Award, a purse of $12,500 presented to Guillén last May by *The Hudson Review*, is aimed precisely at correcting that inadequacy.

Just how much a poet's poetry arouses interest in his other activities and vice versa is impossible to determine. But many of the poets of '27 enhanced their fame by the public espousal of left-wing politics, by writing for the theater, by their amorous capers, by dabbling in painting and music. Almost alone among them Guillén has kept his politics to himself, and certainly out of his poetry (his satirical verses about Franco, about human and social injustice, can hardly be called political); he has not written any plays, he has a deeply cultivated taste for the plastic and musical arts but does not paint, play or perform (or if he does, it's not for the public), and he has scandalized no one with his ardent but eminently domesticated heterosexuality: he is Don Jorge, not Don Juan.

Don Jorge and his group were the poets of the second Spanish Republic, that sudden Iberian explosion out of a theocratic past into a utopian future. The time for self-analysis, elegiac introspection, and grave poetic nationalism (Unamuno, Machado) was over. The European, the international, moment had come, and the poets went everywhere. Such mobility was easiest for the so-called poet-professors, among whom Guillén has been the most traveled. In the Spain of Primo de Rivera and the Republic he held chairs at Murcia and Seville, and abroad he was a lecturer at Oxford and the Sorbonne. Even if Franco's triumph had not driven him into voluntary exile (he found an academic home at Wellesley in the United States), he would by choice and instinct have been the most cosmopolitan poet of a generation cosmopolitan like no other in Spanish history: his first wife, Germaine Cahen, was French-Jewish; his second, Irene Michi-Sismondi, is an exquisite Italian.

The polyglot family—wife, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren—milling about him as at some perpetual congress in his son-in-law's house, seems to be the biological projection of his pan-humanism, as he, the most quintessentially Spanish in language among the poets of his time, molds it into the poetic emblem with which he brings his last book to a close: "Four

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jorge Guillén (1950) *by Ramón Gaya*

generations are linked by blood .... Several languages are heard. A voice is raised in vehemence. In anger? No, someone is speaking his mind. Friends come and go .... Persons uniquely precious answer to names absolutely their own. Their mere enumeration moves me: Irene, Steve, Teresa, Antó, Benedicte, Nils, Alan, Isabel, Patrick, Anita ...."

A cosmopolitan Spaniard of luminous intelligence who does not scorn craftsmanship, who is indifferent to Romantique Espagne, and who has translated *"le Cimetière marin,"* Guillén has been called, inevitably, the cerebral, cold Valéry of Madrid. Nonsense. In 1926 Guillén himself had this to say about *poésie pure:* "I prefer the term *simple poetry* rather than *pure poetry* ... and I take my stand resolutely in favor of the compound, the complex poem that consists of poetry and other human ingredients .... fairly pure poetry, *ma non troppo."* In Guillén's practice, this doctrine means that anecdote is usually veiled if not suppressed, that image has priority, not image in the void, however, but of some human experience, image that is often not metaphor. The poem is therefore more likely to be a succession of scenes rather than of temporally ordered moments, and its nouns and prepositions are often more important than its verbs. Philosophically the poet is a realist (in the modern sense): it is not he who creates reality but the out-there that makes him real; if it weren't there for him to perceive, his self would have no substance. How can one merely be? "I am, more, I am here [i.e., *"Soy, mas, estoy"*—untranslatable]. I breathe./It is the air that has depth. Reality invents me,/I am its legend. *Salve!"* What is only mental, dreamed of, subjective, mediated, will not do; no platonic ideal: "The female body/In its fullness, here, now, no trappings./No sweet charms: no speech, no rose. Its purpose?/Absolute Presence." So goes Guillén's first book, *Cantico* (1928), the song of fulfillment, *"fe de vida"*—witness to the poet's existence—the celebration not of the poet's self but of life, reality, there outside the self's window.

Guillén thus installs himself more in the Parnassian than in the Symbolist line of succession, and does not shrink from the pleasure of seeing what can still be done with the intricate forms and traditional themes so over-cultivated by Lope, Góngora, Quevedo, and dozens of others that one would think no fertility was left in them. Take "The Nightingale," a *décima* (ten octosyllabic lines rhymed ababccdeed in Spanish) dedicated to "Don Luis" (Góngora):

Peacock of effortless trill,
The nightingale sends
Its remembering call
Over the river's bend,
Far south to a day
Stopped at mid-day,
Where a crimson bird,
Zenith of the curved
Spring, perfect sphere,
Never answers: here.

High parody: commonplace baroque images joined in matter-of-fact ways, as many as can be crammed into ten lines, intricate rhyme, elegiac wit, an antiphon across space (north to south, Castile to Cordova) and time (1927 to 1627) from poet to poet—with no response. The language (in Spanish) if not infantile is certainly at the command of any schoolboy, as is the syntax, which, if one sought to turn it into ordinary prose, would follow exactly the same order, a balanced period that is extended by simple appositions in such as way as to give the illusion of Góngoristic opacity but is in fact as clear as an Andalusian afternoon.

If *Cántico* celebrates life and life's prime emotive force, ardently heterosexual love, the book is not blind to shadows, absence, time, and death. And with Guillén's next work, *Clamor,* the jubilant existentialist, as one critic dubbed the young Guillén, has left us, giving account of the change in a sonnet entitled "Passage" *(Del trascurso):*

Backward I look, at years, at distant skies;
So deep perspective's depth becomes for me,
Horizon's cloudy image seems to be
Lifeless on the mirrors of my eyes.
And yet the martins still do dart and bow,
And up there with them roundabout the towers
Persist my contemplative childhood's hours.
My ancient grapes are sturdy vintage now.
I augure neither good nor adverse fortune.
For now I anchor firmly in my present;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With all I know, my zeal has yet no meter.
Meantime, before my eyes the future's portion
Becomes more delicately evanescent,
More difficult, more breakable, and fleeter.

From exile, an older poet looks back with his practiced, ineluctable clarity upon the Spain fallen to Franco: "How many Indies ceased to be enchained/To that great power! Deep wound ensued./And then the homeland, glorious campaign,/Became the final colony. Subdued!" And death, more certain than the Castilian sun, is confronted with eyes wide open: "Like a true adventurer,/When I die/I want to know I'm dying./I want to know the story,/The truth:/An instant in my memory."

At 75, looking straight forward to that instant, Guillén thought that it was time to write a proper conclusion to his oeuvre. He gathered the several books into a single volume of 1,698 pages, *Aire nuestro* (The Air We Breathe, 1968), whose last poem, "*Obra completa*," seems to be final indeed: "The high plain's unrelenting sun/Envelopes us in the truth of the pure air./We have come to the end, and I declare,/Sadly, my peace: the work is done."

Not so. The habit of versifying could not be thrown off. The 537 pages of *Y otros poemas* (And Other Poems, 1973) represent the years 1966-1972. And 1973— ?

Salud! Don Jorge.

Edmund L. King

Edmund L. King is Carpenter Professor of Spanish at Princeton University, the author of *Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer: From Painter to Poet*, and the translator of *The Structure of Spanish History* by Américo Castro. The translations here are his own.

Jorge Guillén received the Cervantes Prize, the highest literary award of the world's Spanish-speaking nations, in December 1976.

Arte Rupestre, 1939-1969, 1
Jorge Guillén

Durante siglos hubo un gran Imperio.
No podía durar eternamente
Ni sepulto yacer en cementerio.
Y alumbró el sol a un libre Continente.

(Se perdía batalla tras batalla.
El honor del guerrero en la derrota
Resplandecía sobre tanta falla
De su país con sueño de marmota.)

¡Cuántas Indias dejaron de ser presa
De aquel poder! Quedó profunda herida.
La metrópoli al fin, gloriosa empresa,
Fue la postrer colonia. ¡Sometida!

For centuries the great Empire endured.
It was not meant to have an endless run
Nor yet to lie entombed, immured.
And a free Continent was lit up by the sun.

(Battle after battle there was lost.
The honor of her warriors in defeat
Glistened high above such holocaust
Of their country in a marmot's sleep.)

How many Indies ceased to be enchained
To that great power! Deep wound ensued.
At last the homeland, glorious campaign,
Became the final colony. Subdued!

(Translated by Edmund L. King)

Books Considered

The Borzoi Anthology of Latin American Literature edited by Emir Rodriguez Monegal with Thomas Colchie

(Knopf; $12.50)

"In these islands I have so far found no human monstrosities, as many expected," Christopher Columbus wrote for the enlightenment of his royal patrons. His reports regularly, and somewhat anxiously, speak of the New World as a pleasant and humane place; on the other hand, he finds the miraculous everywhere. With a combination of fears allayed and curiosity piqued, Latin-American literature begins. The Borzoi Anthology opens with a selection from Columbus's reports and continues with a generous sampling of documents written by other early arrivals whose accounts are colored by their motives—military, political, religious, or economic.

Of course, these early accounts were not thought of as literature when they were written. Time has emphasized their quality as representations of reality transformed by authors in a period of high action. The period of discovery and exploration also marked the beginning of an era of intense cultural activity in Spain. In the New World there were also writers who knew perfectly well they were artists. No better example of high culture and courtly convention exists than the poet-nun, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz: "If thou seest the bright sky,/even such is my soul's purity;/and if the day, niggard of light,/wraps its radiancy in gloom,/its darkness and inclemency/image my life since thou are gone." Clearly there are no monstrosities here.

Sor Juana was writing more than a century and a half later than Columbus, more or less midway in the Colonial period—that span of more than three centuries when Portugal and Spain were the masters of Latin America. And since then another century and a half of independence have followed—only half as long as the Colonial period. In recent times, there is a typical, 20th-century disenchantment that contrasts markedly with the beginning.

Gustavo Sainz published a novel called *The Princess of the Iron Palace*, in 1975. It is a 300-page telephone conversation—only one side of it—in which a former department-store model reminisces about her somewhat shady past. The woman is funny and tragic, lighthearted but ultimately drab. "Look, Valdosiera was the kind of guy that if you'd ask him, what did you do

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER
Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yesterday, if I hadn't seen him you know, well I stayed home, he'd say, and then if you kept after him, see, really, what did you do, he would get furious that you would have just kind of doubted him." Big deal, it really is. And a poet, Jaime Sabines, writes: I've gone wrong/got lost, am broken,/have nothing, no one,/I can't speak/can't make love, can/only move or sway while ashes/drop on me,/stones fall on me/and shadows." Still no monstrosities here; just Latin Americans who can be as vacuous or as anguished as anyone else.

An anthology acquires a personality in the course of its making, if it is a good one, and several very apparent idiosyncrasies are extremely important in determining the character of the *Borzoi Anthology of Latin American Literature*. First of all, it presents literature of the Colonial period as a corpus, with very little reference to changes that took place within that span of 300 years. The editors believe that from a present-day viewpoint, that distant period is really understood as a unit. They are probably right; on the other hand, a more analytical description of the period is as interesting as it is informative.

Since the anthology deals with Latin America as a whole, Brazilian literature is included along with the literature of the Spanish-speaking countries. There are substantial differences between Spanish-American letters and their Brazilian counterpart. These differences occasionally create the impression that the book is two anthologies intercalated. However, the Brazillian selectiosn are impressive and cetainly worth including.

To coincide with the early years of political independence, the anthology emphasizes the renewed awareness of the New World—a first step toward establishing an independent identity. Later in the 19th century, it recognizes the moment when literary influence moved from Latin America toward the Old World. This section, "The Return of the Galleons," emphasizes the movement usually called *modernismo*—a combination of several French and Spanish influences, with a considerable portion of Latin-Americanism. Rodríguez-Monegal and Colchie show the similarities of Latin American literature to trends in European literatures, and also illuminate the ways in which Latin-American expression has distinguished itself.

The editors point out that the sense of a Latin-American literature is weak, but that one of its strongest moments was the period of *modernismo*, when Rubén Darío became the poet of America by travelling extensively in both hemispheres and serving as a reference point for the Latin-American literati of his time. Many years later, a similar cohesiveness developed when the novelists of the "boom" in Latin American fiction (approximately 1960-75) travelled extensively, interacted with each other, and wrote spectacularly good novels, thereby providing a model of literature as a career for Latin American writers. It would be impossible to make anthology communicate the impact of the "boom," and that is too bad because it means that the literature's most brilliant period seems less brilliant than it was. The editors have done as well as might be expected. The problem is that an excerpt from a novel simply cannot represent the whole work—especially when the novels are as unique as many of Latin America's more recent ones.

The last two sections of the anthology, "The Modern Masters" (Borges, Asturias, Neruda, and a score more) and "A New Writing" (Paz, Cortázar, Vargas Llosa, plus another three dozen), follow the avant garde trends that began in the late 1920s and later set the stage for the Latin-American literature of today. They state, quite correctly, that poetry was the leading literary genre in the early states of the avant garde movement. However, the anthology selections indicate that experimental prose was even scarcer than was actually the case. As for "A New Writing," it is very fitting that Octavio Paz appears as the first author, and equally appropriate that the work selected is his long poem, *Blanco*, a text that is arranged so it can be read in several different ways.

More than 125 authors contributed to the anthology. It is especially gratifying to find Felisberto Hernández, Rodríguez-Monegal's oft neglected compatriot, and some others who have sometimes been carelessly overlooked. There are omissions, of course, and they too define the anthology's personality. Many readers will miss Eduardo Mallea, Leopoldo Marechal, and Agustín Yáñez. In the category of subject matter, there is very little about the Indian and relatively little attention to literature of protest. Theatre is omitted. The translations are by many different people and their quality varies from acceptable to excellent.

In addition to its significance as an introduction to a literature that is undeservedly ignored in the United States, the anthology is a highly readable book. The editors' stated purpose is to present Latin American literature in search of an integrated image of itself. I am not sure that this quest will be apparent, or that it matters. What is apparent is the combination of powerful imagination with a sense of belonging.

John S. Brushwood

John S. Brushwood is Roy A. Roberts Professor of Latin American Literature at the University of Kansas. His most recent book is *The Spanish American Novel: A Twentieth-Century Survey* (Univ. of Texas).

Terra Nostra by Carlos Fuentes
Translated by Margaret Sayers Peden

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15)

This is so far the biggest and most ambitious of all the big Latin-American novels. A hundred characters inhabit its 778 pages; its time spans from Imperial Rome to Paris, December 1999; set in 16th century Spain, its geography includes journeys to Mexico and side-trips through Northern Europe, Italy and the Levant.

Like most other Latin American authors, Fuentes favors broad historical subjects. His best-known book, *The Death of Artemio Cruz*, sums up 20th century Mexico in the biography of a guerrilla-turned-financier; a lesser novel, *The Good Conscience*, interlaces three generations of provincial family history with national events. The themes unifying Fuentes's major work is the determinism of the past, the survival of 19th century power arrangements, family traditions, and xenophile values in modern Mexican life. Individuals unwittingly pick up on ancestral modes of action—Louis Bonaparte's puppets are born again as Yankee-dollar conduits, rural oligarchs re-emerge as urban bankers. The past

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thus weighs like a burden on the present—history as seen by Marx in his *18th Brumaire* (a work cited in *Terra Nostra*).

Fuentes now engages a global problem, one much on his mind: the burden of Counter-Reformation Spain, her self-destructive crusade against science and sensuality, and the replica of her feudal culture transplanted *outremer* by priests and soldiers. Fuentes's ironically-titled book has as its villain-hero the awesome symbol of a Spain powerful but claustrophobic, zealous but self-deceived—the fanatical Felipe II in his joyless Escorial (palace). While faithful to the general spirit of that era, Fuentes juggles numerous facts of kinship and chronology to strengthen his case—the Conquest is moved up to and thus associated with Felipe's reign; Felipe's father here is not the relatively enlightened Charles V but the dissolute Felipe the Fair (in real life his grandfather).

The narrative centers on Felipe's attempt to fashion "an unchanging world" from his dark palace. He denies new forces, crushes revolts, condemns Jews, Protestants and pleasure, withholds sex from his spouse (following the ideal of courtly love), surrounds himself with family sepulchres, fondles holy relics (these zestfully catalogued by Fuentes). Other characters reinforce and/or contradict Felipe's necrophile nostalgia. In and about the Escorial are his mother Juana, crippled and mad, who stubbornly stays by Felipe the Fair's rotting corpse and sets up a mock-royalty with two palace freaks; Isabel, Felipe's love-starved English wife, who gets pleasure from a reconstructed cadaver and a mouse, later fleeing dreary Spain to head merrie, heretical England as Elizabeth I; Guzmán, Felipe's brutish henchman, an icy opportunist who later conquers Mexico, only to be destroyed by Crown and Church; an ambitious ex-Jew who finances the bankrupt King's wars for a title of nobility; an astronomer secretly pursuing the new science; a chronicler who becomes Cervantes; a few salty, feisty workers. The raising of the Escorial, with its drain on the economy and ecology, and the death-in-life of the palace-dwellers, form most of Part I, "The Other World."

Outside the court are some free-loving Millenarian rebels with whom Felipe enjoys a youthful fling, then massacres them, sparing only two drifters with whom he once tasted a night of sweet love—Ludovico, a heretical theology student, ever the truth-seeker (one pictures him in a Russian novel), who serves as Felipe's adversary in countless debates, and Celestina, a peasant-sorceress with tattoos on her lips, a figure of pure sensuality who is later reincarnated as an Escorial page-boy, a Mexican sex-deity, and a deeply-loving sidewalk painter in Paris. Last but not least are three identical blond boys, born of Felipe the Fair's consortings with Celestina, Isabel, and a she-wolf (hence making Felipe II their brother), and raised by Ludovico. The bastard triplets stand for, among other things, Hapsburg degeneracy, an ancient Roman curse (the origin of the six toes on each boy's foot), an unsettling intrusion of reality into Escorial, resurgent sexuality (one of them becomes Don Juan), the bizarre fruits as well as the dialectical negation of Empire—and also the dim potential for salvation, for the blood-red crosses on their backs symbolize God's elect in medieval apocalyptic lore. (The motif comes from Norman Cohn's *Pursuit of the Millenium*, a book acknowledged, mined, and stood on its ideological head by Fuentes.)

Pilgrim, one of the triplets, declaims at court all of Part II, "The New World"—*Terra Nostra*'s most exciting pages. Through Fuentes's blend of exploration literature and ancient myth, Pilgrim tells of his (perhaps imagined) journey to and through Mexico, a dream-like recitation that telescopes the successive stages of the coming Conquest—the Utopian search, the encounter with native peoples, the rapid extermination of the gentle Antillean tribes, the shock of Aztec sacrifice, the razing of Tenochtitlán, the enslavement by Spain. Part III takes off in all directions. Suggestively labelled "The Other World" (unjustifiably translated as "Next"), and organized around Ludovico's wanderings with the triplets, it oscillates between Felipe's anguished resistance to whatever challenges Iberocentrism ("the new world does not exist," he repeatedly asserts) and the possible alternatives to Escorial. Among the other worlds passed in review are the Toledo Jewry, Cabbalism, numerology, Millenarian sects, the Americas, print (despised by Felipe), the Spanish classics—and a Rome in which Emperor Tiberius prefigures Emperor Felipe's sexual-political aberrations. A climactic moment is Ludovico's visit with the Venetian Valerio Camillo's "Theatre of Memory," a 16th century electric cinema in which images of history as it *didn't* happen are flashed onto screens (Odysseus dead at Troy, Dante married to Beatrice). Valerio's avowed aim is to help leaders avoid repeating the past—perhaps even rescue those Hispanic nations, "needful of a second opportunity to be what they were not." As Valerio rhetorically asks, "Will these lands have the second opportunity, denied them by their first history?"

Fuentes's implied answer is overwhelmingly negative. A found manuscript tells of Mexico in 1999: occupation by U.S. Marines, bombings by Phantom jets, puppet rulers who revive human sacrifice. Even Paris—the setting for the vivid first and last chapters—offers no hope even as this cultural capital of the Hispanic lands, the place where "all good Latin Americans come to die," succumbs to Millenarian violence, plagues, and babies born with crosses on their backs. Pilgrim sits silent in his hotel room, one-armed (Cervantes?) and weary after having worked as overseas contact for the Mexican guerrillas, played anti-imperialist card-games with characters out of novels by Cortázar, García Márquez *et al.*, and lamented with these

"*The Troubled Détente* . . . is a valuable statement on a very important set of problems . . . I'm sure it will have a very beneficial impact."

—FRED BARGHOORN
Yale University

THE TROUBLED DÉTENTE

by Albert L. Weeks

This is the first close study of the events and processes which led to the present "cold peace" between the world's two major powers. Based on original Soviet sources, the book penetrates the intricacies of the Russian ideology of détente, from its precedents in Leninist theory, to its implementation in the post-Stalin regimes of Khrushchev and Brezhnev, and examines Russian institutions and processes obstructing the growth and "greening" of détente.

190 pages, $10.00tr.

New York University Press
Washington Square
New York, N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expatriates the premature deaths of Latin America's best leaders (Marti, Guevara, Allende). Burdened in this "Last City" by loss and loneliness, surrounded by doom and death, he meets—following a 400-year-old assignation—with a knowing, caring Celestina: in a two-page cadenza, luminous and moving, the lovers fuse, becoming androgynous. Snow falls as the millenium ends.

In its invention and architecture this book is awe-inspiring, the work of a master craftsman. Clear in its outlines, lofty in design, it displays no awkward loose ends, none of the muddled opacity of, say, *Gravity's Rainbow*. Where Fuentes does founder is at the level of minutiae; his grandiose ambitions beget a proliferation of detail—and a flat and abstract final product. For a narrative about global struggles *Terra Nostra* curiously lacks in movement and dynamism—the very stuff of history. One problem is prose; verbosity, ever Fuentes's weakness, here runs amok, with a surplus of complete catalogs and long sentences. (Fuentes's most perfect book—the 80-page gem *Aura*—notably avoids such discursiveness.) Sustaining Fuentes's languid prose is an archaic scaffold, composed of medieval frame-tales, painterly tableaux, binary and tripartite numerical arrangements, Renaissance-philosophic dialogs, and oratorical set-pieces (Fuentes's substitute for third-person narrative)—old forms that, played straight, without a hint of parody, only reinforce the granitic immobilism. One could argue that an adequate portrait of a reactionary court necessitates a correspondingly static format—but Fuentes's non-Escorial scenes also fall prey to this frozen posturing and speechmaking. There are exciting episodes—Felipe's prolonged death-scene is memorable—but on the whole the tempo in these 778 pages in a most solemn *adagio*.

The basic trouble may be that *Terra Nostra* is less history than a kind of meta-history—a Marxified updating of Spengler and Yeats. Fuentes's myriad repetitions and analogies suggest a secularly-ordained and exitless 2000-year cycle; and the splendid eroticism that gets the last word is little more than Pilgrim's consolation in the face of "that most abortive . . . and desiring of all histories," the failed Hispanic past. Indeed, Fuentes's drift points toward certain subjective joys as the only solace available in "our land"—desire, dreams, esoterica, and especially (desire at its highest) reading and writing. *Terra Nostra* bristles with art and learning; there are painters who tell secret truths, authors who see and know more than Felipe, literary characters who walk this earth (having become "more real" than the Escorial royalty), and famous scenes from Western literature. All of this more than hints at the idea of writing as a special patrimony, an alternative to the historical prison-house. (On the other hand the absence even of a glance at Castro's Cuba seems odd in a novel concerned with "other worlds.") As a result *Terra Nostra* is rather "lit'ry," very much a writer's book caught up in its bookish abstractions (many of them the conventional wisdom of left-wing Hispanic intellectuals) and often strained in its applied encyclopedism—one sees far too easily the pastings from Frances Yates, Americo Castro, and Norman Cohn (all those red crosses). I have met sculptors, historians and college sophomores who enjoyed Fuentes's *Artemio Cruz* and *A Change of Skin* just as novels; *Terra Nostra* offers few such pleasures. This is fiction for full-time exegetes.

Fuentes fashioned for *Terra Nostra* a prose studded with archaisms, colloquialisms, and echoes of Spain's great books. Much of this cannot be reproduced, and Margaret Peden deserves credit for having given us as good a standard-English rendition as possible.

Gene H. Bell

Gene H. Bell teaches Spanish at Williams College.

Latin American Poetry

Aguila o sol?/Eagle or Sun?
by Octavio Paz
Translated by Eliot Weinberger
(New Directions; $2.95)

Homage to the American Indians
by Ernesto Cardenal
Translated by Monique and Carlos Altschul
(John Hopkins; $3.50)

In Cuba
by Ernesto Cardenal
Translated by Donald D. Walsh
(New Directions; $3.95)

Song of Protest
by Pablo Neruda
Translated by Miguel Algarin
(Morrow; $5.95)

Cesar Vallejo: The Dialectics of Poetry and Silence
by Jean Franco
(Cambridge Univ. Press; $19.95)

Latin American Revolutionary Poetry/ Poesia Revolucionaria Latinoamericana
Edited by Robert Marquez
(Monthly Review Press; $6.95)

Literatura Chilena en el Exilio
Vol. 1, No. 1
(P.O. #3723, Stanford, Calif.)

Tantos millones de hombres hablaremos inglés? the Nicaraguan poet Rubén Darío asked in 1905: "So many million men—is it English we'll speak?" He could well ask, with Spain's defeat in 1898 and US occupation of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Canal Zone making Latin America look like fair game for the new Nimrod, as he called Teddy Roosevelt. What troubled Darío was, let us say, the sort of English uttered by a US Secretary of State announcing this country's sovereignty in the hemisphere: "its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition."

Before long the US had confined its interposition to the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Nicaragua, Mexico, and it hasn't stopped since. Pablo Neruda's poems about United Fruit attracting "canny flies rehearsed in tyranny," or Anaconda Copper "coiling round Chile's waist," hold good for a half century of Latin-American history.

Economic and political interests, however, fostered little interest in the culture of the "other" America: As a boy I grew up singing the Marines' "from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli," years before I knew what or where Mexico was. I picked up lingo from the Lone Ranger's exploits—*hombre, desperado, vamoose, calaboose, hoosegow, loco*—without noticing that our loan-words from the South, as Richard Morse points out, emanate as from an uncouth, illicit world.

Even for the open, appreciative northern mind, South America has usually meant raw or profligate nature, rather than culture. What's below on the map, as on the body, feels inferior, or else instinctual, irrational. And the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phrase "Latin American civilization" conjures up wrought gold, pyramids, sun worship—things long past, whereas "European civilization" suggests a continuously available source to which our best spirits, James Baldwin no less than Henry James, could return to realize themselves.

When Eliot's *Waste Land* brought home news of the West's decrepitude, William Carlos Williams was in the New York Public library studying Columbus, Ponce de Leon, Montezuma, in order to strike off from the latitude along which Anglo-European Puritanism had been conveyed, with its repressive busyness. "It is imperative that we sink," wrote Williams, that we submerge in our native, sensual being. Unfortunately, Williams remained a rare example of the North American genuinely open to Spanish America (about 20 years ago, he translated Octavio Paz beautifully). His imperative nowadays comes in the form of a Braniff ad urging us to visit the exotic Andean ruins of Machu Picchu: "So go on *down*, where the dollar is *up*!"

Something else inevitably makes "Americans" unsure how to regard what is written south of the border: Are those 22 countries a unit like the US, or distinct? There are clearly regional differences (more obvious in the novel than in poetry), as well as different histories, geographies, customs. Yet such things as language, religion, and attitudes toward Europe or the US make for unity. Neruda's finest poem, *Heights of Macchu Picchu*, is a Chilean mestizo's evocation of Peruvian Indians, and the myth it embodies—that of a redeemable native past—has been crucial to Latin-American identity in general. Our Latin-American poetry anthologies arrange the writers by country, yet their themes and styles are shared throughout the continent.

The most interesting barrier to understanding has been that of translation—scarce at first, often misrepresentative. Apart from a few pioneering but uninspired efforts in the mid '40s, it took Neruda's exile from Chile during the Cold War to make him visible, though major publishers still kept hands off. Only in the last decade have US and British poets begun making lifelike translations from Spanish, and from Brazilians such as Drummond de Andrade.

New Directions, a faithful custodian of foreign poets, has just brought out a third book by Octavio Paz, the most influential and accomplished poet in Latin America today. *Eagle or Sun?*, in Eliot Weinberger's lucid, energetic, ingenious translation, shows Paz's mind at play with language and reality. The book's title refers to a Mexican 20-centavo piece—on one side an eagle holding a serpent, on the other a rising run. *Aguilo o Sol?*, Mexicans say: "Heads or tails?"

Throughout his career, Paz has been displaying the dual nature of life: present and past, instantaneity and change, solitude and communion, silence and utterance, word and thing, spirit and matter, dream and waking. His eagle could be native energy as against the sun's transcendent spirit, or secular action as against implacable destiny, or violence as against nurture—two sides of the coin that Paz is trying to fuse as he writes. In all this he seems not merely a Latin-American but a universal poet.

At the same time, Mexican imagery and mythology wind through his writing, moved by the question of what a poet has to say to his people. In *Aguila o sol?* an obsidian butterfly Itzpapalotl, the earth goddess, raves about "the night of decapitated words" when she first brought all things vibrantly to birth. Now she is "a pile of dust": that primordial creativity is out of the question now. The poet's task meanwhile is to chop and bash and starve and bury words: to forget them until the goddess says "Kiss my belly . . . fall into me," and words gush up again as a "solar song, fountain of transparencies"—a fusion of sensual and spiritual life. One may say that T.S. Eliot was after the same thing, but what a change from the enervated Tiresias to the eruptive Itzpapalotl.

For Ernesto Cardenal, the word fulfills a more explicit revolutionary mission. This Nicaraguan poet-priest recently toured the US, 20 years after his novitiate in Kentucky with Thomas Merton. Among other things he read from his 150 Biblical Psalms, recast in fierce contemporary terms to provoke the demand for justice. Cardenal's *Homage to the American Indians*, saturated with pre-Columbian language and lore as well as Yankee jargon, asks at one point if the Inca proto-socialist regime might be reinstituted. No, it's gone, he says, "but behind Museum glass/the mummy's dry hand still clutches/her bag of seeds."

In Cuba records Cardenal's 1970-71 encounters with writers, farmers, former prisoners, teachers, Catholic laymen, priests, and with Fidel; he also includes 34 contemporary Cuban poems. His detailed, alert, if occasionally idealized views of the complex Cuban situation are needed now, in this 17th year of our political, economic, and cultural embargo. (And so is Neruda's *Song of Protest* for Cuba and Puerto Rico, finally translated though it came out in 1960.)

Ruben Dario's question still pertains, although Latin Americans, projecting their own needs, have long admired the liberal democracy and material progress they saw to the north. In literary matters, a kind of mutuality has evolved. Thus Walt Whitman, after the Cuban poet and rebel Jose Marti heard him in 1887, became a strong presence in Latin America, particularly for the Neruda who in turn has influenced poets here. They have also learned from Cesar Vallejo, andnnow Jean Franco's fascinating study brings Vallejo's anguished dialectic of poetry and silence into sharp focus against Neruda's Whitmanesque inspiration. Paz and Cardenal, who themselves have translated North American poets, are well served in English translation; Columbia Press is bringing out the Mexican Jose Emilio Pacheco, New Directions the Chilean Enrique Lihn. This is as it should be, until we all speak Spanish.

What we have to hear from Latin America is bleak. A recent collection of revolutionary poetry makes powerful testimony, but speaking from a decade ago as it does, it only intensifies the painful spectacle of military dictatorships, now ruling all but five Latin American nations. A poet's word can hardly change reality in Haiti or Brazil or Argentina. And chile remains oppressively quiet, except for its exiles around the world. When the military seizure occurred over three years ago, a 1948 poem of Neruda's was revived: it spoke of "bosses whose only law is torture/and the lashing hunger of the people." Things haven't changed much for the better.

John Felstiner

John Felstiner is a translator and professor of English at Stanford.

Coming

Christopher Sykes

on The Auden Generation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morning without Noon: Memoirs by Salvador de Madariaga

(Saxon House & Atheneum; $14.75)

Spain has produced its share of octogenarians and nonagenarians who have distinguished themselves in the intellectual, cultural, artistic, and scholarly worlds in this century. The famed generation of 1898 included Pío Baroja and Jacinto Benavente, who died in their 80s and Azorín, who lived until the age of 93. Picasso was pushing 92 and Casals 97 when they died. Ramón Menendez Pidal, the dean of Spanish scholars, missed an even century of life by one year. Américo Castro, who shook up the worlds of Spanish historiography and literary criticism with his original interpretations was in his 88th year when he died, while his formidable adversary, the medieval historian, Claudio Sánchez Albornoz, returned to Spain last year from exile looking forward to his 84th birthday. Spain's most distinguished living poet, Jorge Guillén, is now in his early 80s, while Andrés Segovia, of about the same age, continues to amaze concert audiences with his guitar.

Don Salvador de Madariaga celebrated his 90th birthday in Spain last July, after a 40-year period of exile, most of which was spent in England. Madariaga had to await divine intervention to achieve the removal of General Franco from the Spanish scene. The leader of the liberal anti-Franco movement outside of Spain, Don Salvador knew that he and the Generalisimo had only one thing in common: both were born in the region of Galicia in the northwestern corner of Spain, in cities about 12 nautical miles apart.

One of Europe's leading intellectuals, Madariaga is a unique figure in contemporary Spanish cultural and political history. The Galician is the most migratory of Spaniards, and Madariaga has proved to be the most migratory of Galicians. Born in La Coruna in 1886, he left his native city at the age of 12 for secondary schooling in Madrid. Then his father, a colonel in the Spanish Army, made a fateful decision affecting the boy who would be a poet. In the belief that Spain had lost the war to the United States in 1898 because of technological inferiority, Madariaga's father, wanting to help remedy Spain's deficiency, sent his son at age 14 to Paris to continue his secondary education, and go on from there to the Ecole Polytechnique and the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Mines, from which he was graduated as a mining engineer. Though his father had hoped that his scientifically educated son would use his training in the service of the Spanish Army, the young man had other plans. After working for a railway company in Madrid for several years, and marrying a Scotswoman (whom he had met in Paris) in the meantime, Don Salvador abandoned his career as an engineer in 1916 and headed for London to embark upon another career—that of journalist and literary critic. During World War I, he sent articles concerning the war from London to several Spanish newspapers, revealing not only a strongly pro-Allied position, but also a flair for historical interpretation. His first published book was literary criticism, in English: *Shelly and Calderon and Other Essays on English and Spanish Poetry* (1920).

After five years in London, Madariaga entered the service of the League of Nations in 1921, and it is the period from 1921 to 1936 that is covered in the volume of memoirs poetically titled *Morning without Noon.* Madariaga has planned an autobiography in three volumes, and this book is the second. The first and third volumes have not yet been written, and at the age of 90, with failing eyesight, Don Salvador may not complete the task, though his pen is never still. Those who read Spanish should be aware of the fact that Madariaga has written a Spanish version of these memoirs, titled *Amanecer sin mediodía,* which is considerably longer than the English. Madariaga is virtually unique among Spanish writers and intellectual figures of this century in his ability to compose in Spanish, English, and French as if the language of composition selected by him were his mother tongue. This literary trilingualism may be seen not only in his historical works, political treatises, essays, and articles, but also in his creative writing. Some of his novels may be read in Spanish and English versions prepared by him, and he has employed all three languages in his dramatic works and in his poetry.

In *Morning without Noon,* Don Salvador tells us that the combination of his technical training and his linguistic-literary ability obtained for him the Headship of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations, a post he held from 1922 to 1927, when he left the League to accept the King Alfonso XIII Professorship of Spanish Studies at Oxford University. Madariaga was not cut out for the academic life, and he resigned his Chair after three years to embark upon a diplomatic career in the service of the second Spanish Republic. He became the Republic's first Ambassador to the United States (1931), then Ambassador to France, and during most of the short life of the Republic, he was its chief delegate to the League of Nations, where he became deeply involved in the Manchurian and Ethiopian crises and the Disarmament Conference. He was more at home in European and world politics than he was in the politics of his native land. He served briefly as Minister of Education and Minister of Justice in the cabinet of Alejandro Lerroux, the radical leader turned conservative, and for this he was attacked by the Socialists.

Though he hailed the establishment of the Spanish Republic, Madariaga became progressively disillusioned with it, and when the Civil War broke out, he could neither support the Republic, because it had not developed as he had hoped, nor the Franco *pronunciamiento,* because it was anathema to the humane values and liberal principles he held dear. He left Spain shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War, and made appeals, often through the British and the American press, to end the conflict.

Morning without Noon is rich in vignettes of international personalities and commentary on political behavior, in addition to impressions of a number of countries, including the United States. The image of Don Salvador that emerges from these recollections is that of an unorthodox liberal democrat; a man of the center; a passionate believer in human rights and civil liberties; and ever the world citizen. He was severely critical of the United States for its failure to join the League of Nations, and has never had any use for the Soviet Union since Lenin ended the life of the Duma. Despite all the years that he has spent away from his native land (about 40 of them in England alone), Spain fills much of Madariaga's work. André Maurois called this trilingual and tricultural personality "the most Spanish of Frenchmen, the most Spanish of Englishmen and always the most Spanish of Spaniards."

Norman Sacks

Norman Sacks is professor of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Wisconsin, Madison.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reconsideration

One Hundred Years of Solitude by Gabriel García Marquéz

For Gabriel García Marquéz, the Columbian author of *Cien Años de Soledad, (One Hundred Years of Solitude)*, first published in Buenos Aires in 1967, the world is a daedalian series of identical, connected rooms, one "door of which . . . open[s] into another that was just the same, the door of which would open into another that was just the same, and into another exactly alike, and so on to infinity," all alike except for the first room, "the room of reality," to which one must eventually return or be lost forever. To dwell too long in any room but the first is "to stay there forever," trapped in a "gallery of parallel mirrors," which leads to the loss of reality, to death literal or figurative, to immurement or captivity amidst insidious delusions and deceptions; to solitude.

The characters of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* go from room to room in a damned house situated in the mythical city of Macondo, itself a "city of mirrors (or mirages)," trying, always too late, to "walk" in reverse, going back over . . . [their] trail." This house is the Buendía household: a symbol for and an anatomy of solitude. In this house, as in Macondo at large, reality almost always eludes us or else we flee it, the instrument of flight being our imagination. Reality and imagination are antipodal. Solitude is conferred by the imagination, by the deliberate embrace of hermeticism, by lust or passion, by a commitment to hatred, by the dedication to unswervable purity of purpose, by isolated, brittle pride, by fanaticism or private vision—these are the existential traps which snap shut on each generation of the Buendías. Hungering after reality in vain, they see in the mirrored walls infinite reflections of their fevered imaginations.

Jose Arcadio Buendía, a "youthful patriarch," along with some 20 other men and women, found the pristine village of Macondo, making of its initial years a model of order, harmony, sanity, and reality. But he is doomed to oscillate between periods of being the "most enterprising man ever to be seen in the village" and a solitary figure "whose unbridled imagination always went beyond the genius of nature," who ultimately is "devastated" by the "wrath of his imagination" into taking leave of sanative reality. He is seduced by his imagination into becoming a spiritual questor, a man for whom "immediate reality" eventually pales beside the "vast universe of his imagination." He is enthralled first by the discovery of magnetism, then by "dreams of transmutation" in an alchemist's laboratory, then by the possibility of employing a daguerreotype laboratory "to obtain scientific proof of the existence of

David Schorr

God." This prolonged "torment of fantasy" at last drives him mad. He spends his last years sequestered beneath a chestnut tree in his orchard, "sunk in an abyss of unawareness," having "lost all contact with reality," muttering in medieval, misunderstood Latin against all conceivable proofs for the existence of God. Even after his death, with a sudden influx of inventions from the outside world into Macondo, Buendía's ghost, still beneath the chestnut tree, remains uncertain "where the limits of reality lay," convulsed by "an intricate stew of truths and mirages."

The son of José Arcadio, Colonel Aureliano Buendía, a "solitary and elusive character," thrusts Macondo out of its isolation into political conflict. As the military leader of an ill-defined revolution against an amorphous dictatorial government, the colonel fights one losing battle after another, slowly being brutalized out of his commitment into a cynical belief that war is empty, to be fought only for "pride." He gives strict orders that no one should come closer than 10 feet, not even his mother, and has his aides draw a "chalk circle" around him whenever he stops, and "which only he could enter," from which he would decide "with brief orders that had no appeal the fate of the world." Unable to break "the hard shell of his solitude," and increasingly weary of the "vicious circle of that eternal war," a circle symbolic of his physical isolation within the chalk circle, feeling more "scattered about, multiplied, and more solitary than ever," he comes to realize, when the armistice is signed, that the secret of a good old age is "simply an honorable pact with solitude." To this end he devotes himself to the casting and recasting of tiny golden fish, "an artisan without memories whose only dream was to die of fatigue in the oblivion and misery of his little gold fishes."

With the passing of the Colonel, Macondo enters into decline. Its government's involvement with foreign imperialism begins to corrode the community by handing it over to an insatiable banana company whose power is total. Two grandsons of the Colonel, the twins Aureliano Segundo and José Arcadio Segundo, mirror the town's pitiless transition. Aureliano Segundo, caught between the sensuality of his mistress, whose "love had the virtue of exasperating nature" into a "disorderly fecundity," and the solitary delusions of his bourgeois wife, a woman "lost in the world" whose "circle of rigidity" and isolation closes completely as she takes control of the destiny of the family, becomes an orgiast unable to free himself from "the bitter solitude of his revels," someone always in need of companionship, always arranging for feasts and amusements. The latter, having witnessed an execution as a child, is imprinted with a sense of sin which makes him receptive to a more solitary existence. He finally becomes an organizer in a workers' strike against the banana company and is forced into a stunted retirement after government troops slaughter his followers in the town square. He ends his days in a world of shadows "as unreachable and solitary as that of his great-grandfather." Except for himself, no one, out of fear or cowardice, will admit to having witnessed the slaughter or even that it ever took place.

As Macondo declines, a "voracity of oblivion" undermines "memories," wip-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing out the very history of its rise and fall, and sinking it into "a kind of idiocy that had no past." The last Buendías spend their days in a delirium of incest. Aureliano Babilonia, an illegitimate member of the family, and his aunt Amaranta flit naked through the decaying family house, clinging to each other in bouts of unbridled love, oblivious to the ants and tropical life that are reclaiming the mansion and all Macondo back from the fortitude and endurance that created it. They live in an erotic dream, and produce the last Buendía, a male, conceived in love to cleanse the race of "its pernicious vices and solitary calling," but sprouting, at the base of his spine, a small "pig's tail," a "cartilaginous" protruberance "in the shape of a corkscrew with a small tuft of hair on the tip" in fulfillment of an old prophecy: that the incestuous coupling of the Buendías would eventually produce such a deformity. Hence the Buendía line, begun in hope over a century ago, ends in monstrosity. Less than a day after his birth, the last Buendía is carried off and devoured by an army of ants, and the line comes to an end. For the Buendías time was always "turning in a circle": its history was a "machine with unavoidable repetitions, a turning wheel that would have gone on spilling into eternity were it not for the progressive and irremediable wearing of the axle."

Reality, García Márquez said in an interview in Barcelona, is not restricted to the price of tomatoes. He asserts that life is filled with the miraculous lying dormant at the heart of the quotidian, adding that for him the key to writing *One Hundred Years of Solitude* was the idea of saying incredible things with a completely unperturbed face. The ideal novel should "perturb not only because of its political and social content, but also because of its power of penetrating reality; and better yet, because of its capacity to turn reality upside down so we can see the other side of it." Hence ghosts wander disconsolately through the household, priests levitate in proof of God, and a hauntingly beautiful young girl, Remedios the Beauty, ascends to heaven in body and soul while cleaning sheets out of doors, "waving good-bye in the midst of the flapping sheets that rose up with her." García Márquez's narrative surface echoes the phrase used by the Cuban novelist Alejo Carpentier to describe his own work: *lo real maravilloso*, the marvellous in the real.

A gypsy magus named Melquíades, the tutelary spirit of the Buendía family, discovering the solitude of death intolerable, returns periodically to give instruction to those select members of each generation of the family able to see him. His coded parchments, deciphered, in the end, by the last Buendía, turn out to be the book we are reading, since Melquíades, as the book's narrator, is able to see backward and forward in time. Melquíades's parchments contain the "history of the family . . . down to the most trivial details, one hundred years ahead of time." Melquíades had eschewed the linear chronicling of events according to man's conventional time, and instead "had concentrated a century of daily episodes in such a way that they *coexisted in one instant*." For Melquíades, time exists as a simultaneous whole, a simultaneity, in which the future, as well as the past, shows "through in time as one sees what is written on the back of a sheet of paper through the light." Melquíades's parchments constitute, in other words, an "eternalized fragment" of time, whole and complete, absolved of serial linearity. Hence the form of the parchments becomes the form of the novel, and "everything is known," as Melquíades iterates throughout the book, for both gypsy and omniscient novelist. Hence the form of the book partakes of the magic of these parchments, as a work of art becomes a self-contained world. The distant past arises in the running present; the cycles of the Buendías mirror one another, past and future. The final passage of the narrative celebrates this coming together of art and life:

> It was forseen that the city of mirrors (or mirages) would be wiped out by the wind and exiled from the memory of men at the precise moment when Aureliano Babilonia would finish deciphering the parchments, and that everything written on them was unrepeatable since time immemorial and forever more, because races condemned to one hundred years of solitude did not have a second opportunity on earth.

Alan Weinblatt

Alan Weinblatt teaches English at Boston College.

The Back of the Book

Tigers at the Gates

All things come round to him who waits, but in the meantime there is plenty of room for savagery. For example, see the Eastern Shuttle baggage claim area at National Airport. Twelve times daily a crowd gathers, ambling, shuffling as if they were filling footprints in a rumba lesson, all the while angling for positions around a conveyor belt that does not move yet. So they wait, sullen panic in their faces fixed only on the rectangular opening fringed with black rubber strands through which (if the invisible idiots have managed not to smash or lose it) will pass my suitcase, mine. You listen for the chug; until that belt lurches forward on its circuit nothing matters.

Or take my bank (please). Two years ago it installed a waiting system in which you line up within an s-shaped channel of ropes until a teller signals your turn. His signal consists of pushing a button that simultaneously rings a sweet chime and lights a miniature street lamp beside his cage. Green for go. Make it to the head of the line and you scan the darkened lamps for a year or two waiting for green, like Gatsby, the sign to rejoin the living.

For a country characterized by minute rice and xerox, we do an awful lot of waiting. Elevators, movies, buses. "Please wait for hostess to seat you." My eyes strain in the afternoon dark of Howard Johnson's, desperate to focus on someone who could be identified as "hostess." What if the hostess is sick, kidnapped? What if no one ever comes to seat you? Ford and Carter waited 27 minutes during their first TV debate for current to flow through the mikes again. Would they, we, have waited forever—even now, starved and mossy, holding America stock still until a machine worked?

God knows, it's not patience that makes us wait so much since it was *im*patience that got us to invent our machines and systems in the first place. Now we trust these systems and machines so wholeheartedly, we're willing to wait for them as long as it takes—often longer than we'll wait for each other. In a way we live in our inventions, that thing called the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Mind lives in its inventions, so we trust them like nothing else, even when they fail us.

Or maybe we trust them *because* they fail us. "We are a nation of believers," said Lyndon Johnson in his 1965 inaugural address. "Underneath the clamor of building and the rush of our day's pursuits, we are believers in justice and liberty and union, and in our own Union," which is true enough. But we believe as strongly in "the clamor of building and the rush of our day's pursuits" because they are how we know and respect ourselves. The act of waiting is a tithe which we pay to our ingenuities, an act of faith, an aspect of civil religion.

So every day between clamoring and rushing we pour enormous amounts of energy into waiting, as the machines and systems demand. Technically waiting is doing nothing, but you can't tell that to a high school kid staring up at the vast numbers board in the main branch of the New York Public Library, watching for his number to flip as in a cash register, indicating that his book is ready at the desk—either the book or a slip stating that the one extant copy has been missing since 1910. He observes constantly with desire and apprehension, quiescent only superficially. A book report due Thursday depends on that number flipping, and there's a hell of a lot of tension in the no place he is, between something and something else.

If he looks ridiculous in the process, well everybody looks ridiculous in these positions because the act of waiting breaks one's momentum—you look like a machine waiting for machines. One looks ridiculous waiting for Lefty or Godot. Even the Vietnam war widows pacing their private widows' walks these past years until some technical negotiations finally let them know that a box existed, could only regain themselves when a system moved.

Yet somehow waiting is necessary to people, to the culture, in the long run perhaps even good for both. Whether or not you are aware of it at the time, waiting tests the value of what you wait for, identifies and clarifies one's expectations, allows you to decide—in the only free moments of the day—if it's really worth all the strain, sitting tight for (that bag, that call, that waiter). Penelope both affirmed and questioned the existence of what she waited for, allowing the element of doubt to enter her own odd act of faith. You wouldn't wait for an elevator unless you believed in it. But do you really believe in elevators?

Right now busy geniuses are up nights sweating out schemes so that nobody will have to wait for anything anymore: hostesses and suitcases whenever we want them; bank tellers as far as the eye can see. When that happens waiting will no longer be part of American life, and these acts of stillness we go through now will be items of nostalgia. Then we'll be left with only babies and death to wait for, but with a little know-how, a little elbow grease, who knows?

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence, *from page 7*

Andrew Young not keeping his place ("Loose Talk," Mar. 26). Policy making should be left to the "properly qualified" and institutionally sanctioned.

Ralph Watkins
Oneonta, New York

In reply:
Agreed.

John Osborne

Dealing with Dada

To the editors:
In spite of poor syntax, the following sentences from "Dealing with Dada" (*TNR*, Mar. 19) should be repeated for those who might have missed them.

> *When the basic direction of a country clashes with the values derived from its history—consistently and over a long period of time—the individual citizen loses his connection with the purpose of American society. The character of the nation itself is modified by its acts.*

If you cannot do that, please print them on enought 3" x 5" cards to be slipped under the doors of everyone who is remotely involved with our country's foreign policy. The lesson they teach should be the basic tenet of our relationships throughout the world.

Warren Goff
Chalfont, Pennsylvania

"You're a little island out there...

Whether in time you turn good like wine or bad like a pickle is up to you. Whether you go one way or the other you get paid just the same."
—Al Tennison, Laconia Police Department

POLICE: STREETCORNER POLITICIANS by William Ker Muir, Jr., is a book about how and why police officers turn good or bad—about how their power to coerce can strengthen or erode their humanity.

Muir studied twenty-eight young officers during their first five years of police work in a sizable city—"Laconia"—with typical urban problems and tensions. He saw these young men, during that time, assume either the "cynic" view that the world is divided into "those who know better" and "the rest," or the "tragic" view that all human nature is one.

Police, like politicians, writes Muir, face similar problems of dealing with an apprehensive or resentful populace; but police are threatened and can use threat more openly. Their offices are not off corridors but on the curbside.

At every point, Muir lets the men he interviewed speak in their own words about the people and the situations they deal with and about their own feelings of satisfaction or frustration. No one can read Muir's work and forget the sterling Officer Jay Justice, or the eloquent Al Tennison, or the patient Bill Douglas, or any of the others—good or bad officers—who bring so much life to this humane and human book.

POLICE: STREETCORNER POLITICIANS
$15.00
The University of Chicago Press
Chicago 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB, *from page 2*

delivering on the home front?

And the global stakes with the Soviets are transcendant. The armament race costs billions. Will it lead to nuclear war? Leonid Brezhnev chastized the United States, as expected, before Cyrus Vance even reached Moscow. America's claim "to teach others how to live cannot be accepted," he cried; he appealed "for a definite level of mutual understanding, and at least a minimum of tact."

Mr. Carter was not upset. He confidently told his staff that "some people are concerned every time Brezhnev sneezes." We hope he has sized up his man right. America currently spends eight percent of its Gross National Product on arms; Moscow must spend a larger proportion. It is the world's largest reservoir of negative spending, whose flow could be reversed for mankind's benefit.

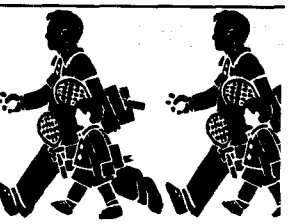
Gerald Ford dropped the astonishing word at our breakfast that the SALT talks were postponed in his administration because of the Pentagon's inflexibility. We came back to it again and again. (It was hard to imagine that Jimmy Carter would bow to the Pentagon.) But likeable, conservative, unimaginative Mr. Ford said that it was better to have the Pentagon on your team; yes, you could defy them, "but then you'd have people running all over town leaking secrets." We sighed after a while and dropped the subject.

A "crusade for human rights," led by the United States, is a beautiful thought, and President Carter has given it to us. He says that it will not prevent nuclear bargaining with Russia, anymore than cracking down on Congressional water projects will prevent good relations with Congress. (He can always appeal directly to the people.)

The crusade for human rights deserves attention and support. But it deserves realism, too. We aren't going to apply it to South Korea, or to the Philippines, because we need these regimes. We are going to apply it to old allies like Brazil, which promptly canceled a 25-year-old military assistance treaty. Our foreign policy darts into Zaire where almost by reflex action, and without consultation, we send a sudden planeload of supplies into an African war.

A "crusade for human rights" will make us all feel good, and will show up those Russians, too . . . . But knaves and fools can twist it as they did the crusade to make Vietnam safe for democracy.

THE NEW REPUBLIC CAMP&SCHOOL DIRECTORY



PRE-MEDS

GLOBAL OPENS DOORS

A comprehensive admissions program for qualified students seeking admission to:

AMERICAN and FOREIGN MEDICAL SCHOOLS

Global Medical School Placement Service
7502 17th Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11214
Tel. (202) 837-8799

Camps

ALTERNATIVE SUMMER CAMP

accepting ages 6-17

A different approach to traditional camping. Small, warm, humanistic environment. Self-directed, non-competitive, non-compulsory activities. Choose from a rich curriculum: crafts, art, music, drama, video, organic gardening, animals, pottery, photography, sports, swimming, riding, camping trips, concerts, academics, etc.

Coed • Interracial
Also Winter Boarding School

Bob McCormick, Director

OPEN COMMUNITY CAMP

Box 399R Claverack, N.Y. 12513

Tel: (518) 851-3311

BIRD BANDING, star gazing, canoe tripping in Ontario. Natural science camp for boys and girls 8 - 14. Blue Heron, 1414 Bryn Mawr, Dayton, Ohio 45406.

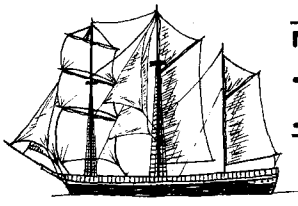
Schools

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

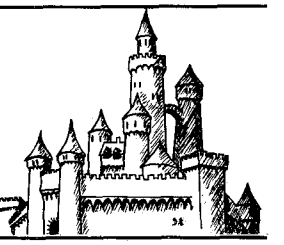
EXPLORE THE NORTHWEST. Summer adventures in group living and outdoor study. High school and junior high programs. The High Country School, 1021 NW Skyline Blvd., Portland, Oregon 97229.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960.



THE GREAT ESCAPES



Vacation/Travel

SMUGGLERS NOTCH, VERMONT

Weekly Summer rental-Luxurious 2-bedroom Village home (sleeps 6) includes:

- PRIVILEGES IN SMUGGLERS NOTCH - Tennis & Swim Club (10 courts, 70 ft. pool, sauna)
- CLUB "MATCHMAKER" arranges all the casual or competitive tennis you want—mixed doubles, Pro-Am doubles, practice and strategy session
- MUSIC - Resident quintets (Baroque to Ragtime) enhance your luncheons and sunset hours
- FREE YOUNSTER'S TENNIS clinic and activity programs.
- SUPERB DINING in Village and adjacent Stowe

Rental $455/wk

CALL OWNERS AGENT - Jan Symes
(800) 451-3222 toll free.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (Gently). Savor peaceful wooded island, unspoiled lake, eastern Ontario. Cottages, $60. Duane Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

MAINE COAST - Waterfront Rental overlooking harbor and fishing village. Near Audubon Sanctuary. 207-633-2638.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD waterfront. Large house, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, all appliances, porches. Private beach, mooring, excellent swimming. References. (212) 543-3341.

IDAHO'S SALMON RIVER COUNTRY - break away for an exciting adventure with family or friends on a wilderness vacation. White water float trips or high country pack trips. July-August. Nez Perce Outfitters & Guides, Box 1454-N, Salmon, Idaho 83467. (208) 756-3912.

WORLDWIDE LOW COST JET travel. Gov't approved. Guide lists thousands of money saving flights. $3. New Age, Box 1385F, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESCAPE TO MAINE. Housekeeping units in old tavern near 1¼-mile Pemaquid Beach, historic fort, archaeological dig. Congenial. $110-140. 315-253-8724.

VERMONT, GREEN MOUNTAIN National Forest, six bedroom farmhouse on 100 acres, river through property, skiing, fishing, hunting. $100-$300 weekly. New Republic Box 8050.

OUTDOOR ADVENTURE COURSE, seven days, June - August, $200. Rafting, rockclimbing, mountaineering in Colorado Rockies. Write OLTS/NR, 2220 Birch, Denver, Colorado 80207.

Property Sale/Rent

BREATHTAKING HARBOR VIEW
Wellfleet, Cape Cod. Two Fully-Furnished Cottages. $62,500 inclusive. 617-731-8666.

SMALL VERMONT HORSE FARM. Restored 1800's home. Guest/caretaker apartment. Greenhouse. Landscaping and terrace. Barn- three box stalls, heated tackroom. Hunt course, riding ring, pastures on forty acres. Brook. Privacy and views. $138,000 by owner. Brochure available. Call 802 387-5380 evenings, weekends. Write Mr. Stookey, RFD #3, Box 54A, Putney, Vermont 05346.

VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN land for sale. Between two fine trout streams. Scenic. For cabin, camping, investment. Reply: Spottswood, Box 73, Madison, Virginia 22727.

OXFORD, ENGLAND, for rent 1 September 1977 through June 1978. Fully furnished 4-bedroom house, all appliances, heating. Call owner Stone, (206) 921-2717.

ULTRA LOCATION Rockport (Mass.) on sandy beach, exclusive residential section, 9 furnished room rentals and living quarters for 6, converted carriage house/stable. $179,000. Principals (617) 546-3713.

COOP APARTMENT. Southwest Washington, D.C. 2-Bedroom, 2-Bath. Excellent investment, luxury residence. $62,000. (202) 265-6185.

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND. Sept. '77/summer '78. 3 bedroom house near seafront, shops, buses. 1 hr. train London. $200 month. Jenkins, Route 1, Box 278, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo beach house, 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 East 78 Street, New York City 10021. (212) 879-8870.

The Classifieds

Personals

WIDOW, attractive, intelligent, mid-fifties. Interested in out-of-doors, music, travel. Would like to meet man with a sense of humor, and similar interests. Baltimore/Washington area. New Republic Box 8080.

PUBLISHER'S OPPORTUNITY
Author of unique iconoclastic work on Beckett seeks publisher (no vanity presses) sensitive to originality, appreciative of circumspect scholarship, courageous for significant cultural controversy, willing to read the ms. thoroughly. New Republic Box 8090.

PROFESSIONAL, late forties, West Los Angeles area. Seeks intelligent, loving woman, 30s, early 40s. Interests: music, tennis, good conversation, theater, dining, travel. New Republic Box 8085.

SAVE TIME AND MONEY
Use pre-printed grocery list. For one year's supply send $1.00 plus. .25¢ postage to: Parkwood Products, P.O. Box 2563, Kansas City, Kansas 66110.

AUTHOR SEEKS examples of racist statements by current incumbent senators and congressmen. New Republic Box 8075.

MALE, 29, wants to marry ecology oriented female. 2844 E. Brown, Fresno, California 93703.

WIDOWER, middleaged college teacher alone, Chicago area, seeks gentle, loving female companion who distinguishes between fun and joy, with sustaining interest in music and art, nature, travel, informal living. New Republic Box 8055.

EDUCATIONAL TAPES
for librarians, college and high school courses. Interviews, documentaries, speeches (Ralph Nader, Bussing, Malcolm X, Nuclear Energy, etc.). Free Brochure. Impact Tapes, Box 2278, Inglewood, California 90305.

WIDOW, Caucasian, desires correspondence male 60-62. Active outdoors, indoors. New Republic Box 8065.

CONVERSATION PIECE DREAM
Famous 1900 Sears Roebuck Catalog. Illustrated pages, 100s, Items 1000s, perfectly reproduced from over 77 years. Couch 1.79¢ washing machine 3.99¢, 14KG Ring .50¢. Medicine Section includes Famous **"BROWN'S CURE FOR FEMALE WEAKNESS"**. Collectors, Nostalgia buffs, show authentic view of how life was. Excellent gift. Promptly mailed. 10 day refund guarantee. Unbeatable. Order yours today. Send Check, M.O., for 3.95 plus $1. (P&H) (Total $4.95) each to:
ARVEL PRODUCTIONS - A2N,
Box 330 Melrose Park,
Illinois 60160

PRIVACY LAWS permit citizens to examine and challenge the contents of the government, school, credit records. Booklet contains analysis of rights, major files, addresses, detailed procedures. Send $3 to A.R.F. Harter, Box 17222, Tampa, Florida 33682.

PHOTO STAMPS. Your photo on a sheet of 100 stamps. Gummed and perforated. Send favorite photo plus $5.00. Get free catalog of unusual products. All merchandise—"Tax and Duty" Free! Padilla Enterprises, Box 1361, 100 St., Peace River, Alta., Canada TOH 2X0.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE - Scientific Computerized Matching, Nationwide, All Ages, Inexpensive. FREE Questionnaire, TEAM, 1270 Broadway, New York, New York 10001.

INVESTOR-PATRON for young writer. Investor needed to aid young author in publishing short novel. Vantage Press will print manuscript. Write: Armbruster, Apt. 705-A, 35-20 Leverich St., Jackson Heights, New York 11372.

JOIN JULIAN BOND, Gloria Steinem, Irving Howe, Victor Reuther; they're the New Socialists, working for social and economic justice through the Democratic Party. They're members of the DEMOCRATIC SOCIALIST ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, chaired by Michael Harrington. You don't have to be active in labor, feminist, civil rights or liberal movements to join (but, if you are, you'll find lots of company). Membership $15. Information: 853 Broadway Suite 617A, New York, New York 10003.

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

ASTROLOGY READINGS: $3. Send name, address, exact time of birth to: Maria, Box 322, Howell, New Jersey 07731.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245.

JOIN OUR GROWING RANKS and help us reduce the population by at least 50%. Free brochure: NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, INC., 103 Park Avenue, Room 414, (R), New York, New York 10017.

IN TODAY'S WORLD: When a child drops out of school, chances for a happy, productive life drop too. To combat the apathy and poverty that are often the reasons why a child becomes a drop-out Futures has initiated a program to help keep some especially promising but severely underprivileged Spanish-surnamed children in school and thereby maximize their chances for happy and productive lives. Won't you help? The cost is low—$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

Parenting

HELP ESTABLISH "The World's Newest Profession." Inadequate training, rather than personal inadequateness, causes ineffective parenting. Write for materials to The Profession of Parenting Inst., 1609 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19130.

Games

ATTENTION CROSSWORD BUFFS! Absolute Ultimate! World's largest crossword puzzle. Listed in Guinness Book. 22x26", 4,018 words. Complete 32 page definition book. Solutions included. Ideal gift. $3.00 ppd., The Works, Dept. R-3, 370 Williams Road, Wallingford, Connecticut 06492.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T-Shirts

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION," (S, M, L) $4.95 (postpaid). The Wry Idea, Rye, New York 10580.

CUSTOM PRINTED T-SHIRTS - we print anything. 2" white letters. Quality navy shirts. Maximum 20 letters. Sizes: S-M-L-ExL. $5.00 postpaid. Burketime, P.O. Box 1121-R, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

"SOLAR ENERGY TODAY" T-Shirts! Red on Gold! $5.00! Sizes S-M-L-XL, Catch-All, Box 4332, Dept. NR, Boulder, Colorado 80306.

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" T-Shirt (S-M-L), $4.95. Wry Idea Co., Rye, New York 10580

HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS: Bach, Susan B. Anthony, V. Woolf, Amelia Earhart, Eleanor Roosevelt, Albert Einstein, Mahler, Gertrude Stein, K. Marx, Nietzsche, Emma Goldman, Colette, Isadora Duncan, Emily Dickinson, Mao Tse Tung. $6.00 each. 4/$20.00. Men's sizes: Sm - Med - Lg - XLg. "T-SHIRTS," Box 55C, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144.

CULTURED T-SHIRTS Rimbaud, Thoreau, Kerouac, Perls, Reich, Skinner, Keynes, Malthus, Ricardo, Adam Smith, Veblen, Bosch, Escher, Parrish, Klimt, Bartok, Varese, Ives, Vivaldi, Mahler, Melville, Ayn Rand, Wilde, Poe, T.S. Eliot, Verne, Hesse, Blake, Orwell, Brontes, $6, 2 for $11, S, M, L, XL, PO Box 232-R, Newton Centre, Massachusetts 02159.

BEETHOVEN T-SHIRTS. Hand-screened. Collector's item. Sizes: S-M-L-ExL. $6.00. Burketime, P.O. Box 1121-R, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Bumperstickers

DATE-MAKER: "Tennis Anyone?_____" (write in your own phone number), $1.50; 2/$2.75. Idea House, Rye, New York 10580.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS, POSTERS. Custom-made, lowest prices, Catalog: 50¢. Sullivan Advertising, 16 North Central, St. Louis, Missouri 63105

BUTTONS, T-Shirts, Bumperstickers, Balloons - Custom-printed. Catalog. Larry Fox, 38-N Emerson Place, Valley Stream, New York 11580. (516) 872-9522.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, grasscloth, silks, designer handprints. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 800-245-1768. Pennsylvania residents call collect (412) 471-6942. American Discount Wallcoverings.

Literature

SOCIAL CHANGE—before it happens—in the NEWSLETTER OF THE DEMOCRATIC LEFT, Michael Harrington, editor. Our scoops include: Sadlowski's Steelworkers insurgency: the bankers' cabal against New York; splits in the Carter Administration and the Democratic Party; Mario Soares' growing democratic socialist movement in Portugal. Subscription $5, 853 Broadway, Suite 617A, New York, New York 10003.

BESTSELLING Blue Books on every subject! Forty for $5.00. International, Box 7798NRB, Atlanta, Georgia 30357.

WOMEN IN AMERICAN HISTORY are profiled in "Women in the American Revolution" (T0603) and "Making Do" (T0593). Learn more about the women who helped found the counrtry and how others survived the Great Depression. Each only $9.95 ppd. Write Follett Publishing, Dept. TK-DM/NR, 1010 West Washington, Chicago, Illinois 60607.

CROSSING CULTURAL BOUNDARIES? *The Bridge*, cross-cultural affairs journal, helps you cope. Also contains foreign data summaries, related literature lists/mail order service, overseas adaptation resource inventory, book reviews. Quarterly, $10/yr. Center for Research & Education, Drawer E, 2010 E. 17th Ave., Denver, Colorado 80206.

WHY *"SPIED FROM THE OTHER SIDE?"* Because English poetry from 27 languages, centuries, handlettered, one translator, is unique. $2 booklet. 121 Central, Stirling, New Jersey 07980.

PLAY POKER? Be a winner. Expert reveals inside facts. $1.50. Braun, Box 982, Stone Mountain, Georgia 30083.

14 STEPS TO SELF MASTERY. Write for free, 24-page booklet, "How to Know Yourself through Yoga." Ananda, Dept. RC2, Nevada City, California 95959.

PARISWALKS. A unique and delightful guidebook to the Left Bank of Paris. Walking tours, maps, photos, restaurants, hotels, even recipes! Send $4.50 to New Republic Books, Box P, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial sub. $1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. NR, 33 West 17th St., New York, New York 10011. (Full year $17.)

DIRECTORY of 306 free magazines. 90 subjects. Only $2.00. Golden Isle Gifts, Dept. 14, 6½ W. Sunnyslope, Ponca City, Oklahoma 74601.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS. Free international search without obligation. Bookfinders, Box 29604-N3, Atlanta, Georgia 30359.

"SHOW & SELL" CLASSIFIEDS

TNR's new special price gives you a way to display your message with greater impact for less money!

BOLD HEAD
$5
(plus 60¢ per word)

BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$10
(plus 60¢ per word)

INSET, BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$25
(plus 60¢ per word)

REGULAR CLASSIFIED ADS 60¢ PER WORD

FREE TRAVEL !!!
Cruises, Tours, Flights - Europe, Caribbean - Elsewhere !! Detailed Booklet Reveal 900-N, Yuba City, California 95991.

SELL YOUR PHOTOS
Report tells how and where markets. Learn what kind of
A. Perkins Enterprises, 934 Street, Chicago, Illinois 6

Try our "3 for 2" offer. You pay for 2 ads - we run #3 FREE!

Maine Windjammer Sailing Vacation
ıtury Reproductions. . Utmost Dependabi erritories. 10551 Victc Washington 98125. G
Rockland, Me. 04841 Tel. 207-594-0000

210 FREE PRODUCTS: Cookbooks, diamonds, seeds. Information: $2.00. Rocking Horse Press, Box 2156, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

The New Republic
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

My ad reads: _____

I'll try for greater impact with:
- ☐ BOLD HEAD
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET (photo enclosed)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED

Advance payment enclosed _____
Please run my ad ____ times
TNR Box Number - 6 words to cover postage and handling
See frequency rates next page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"UNUSUAL" BOOKS. Catalog free. International Imports, Box 7798NR. Atlanta, Georgia 30357.

SERIOUS, SCHOLARLY USED BOOKS. Lists issued. SCHNEEMANN, 5710 S. Dorchester, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Poetry

POETRY WANTED for Anthology - include stamped envelope. Contemporary Literature Press, P.O. Box 26462, San Francisco, California 94126.

Literary Services

"CLIP ART and Copy Preparation Suggestions". Promotive Brochure Free! International Service, Box 11796 CANR, Atlanta, Georgia 30355.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, Dept. RZQ, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

BOOK SEARCHING. All Subjects. Large Stock: lists on request. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake Ave., Los Angeles, California 90026.

HOW TO DESIGN Professional Circulars, Catalogs, Ads: Promotive Brochure Free! International Service, Box 11796HDNR, Atlanta, Georgia 30355.

SEARCH SERVICE SPECIALISTS. Free. No obligation. Any out-of-print located. Books Unlimited, 45 Russell Road, Wellesley, Massachusetts 02181.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011.

WRITERS - "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

THE PLAINS DISTRIBUTION SERVICE, INC., a literary organization, offers an unusual opportunity to explore the flourishing non-commercial literary art of America's heartland. The Plains Booklist, a gallery for Midwestern small presses, introduces fifteen selections each quarter. Our magazine brochure offers eight fine Upper-Midwestern literary magazines. Both free upon request P.O. Box 3112, Fargo, North Dakota 58102.

Employment Wanted

ANTI-BUREAUCRAT seeking position with non-profit humanitarian concern. Systems manipulation skills. B.A., M.P.A. Resume on request. Box 41, U-200, University of Connecticut, Storrs, Connecticut 06268.

POSITION SOUGHT: As secretary/aide. Retired infantry officer, 40, fit, single, college, chauffeur, cook, travelled, caucasian, 3 languages fluently, shorthand 110, typing 75. References and documents. Box 5905, Columbia, South Carolina 29250.

Employment Opportunities

PRIMARY CARE PHYSICIANS - Associateships available July 1977 and July 1978. Practice a mix of prepaid (HMO) and Fee-for-Service. Guaranteed income in first year $30,-45,000, depending on training and experience. New Marshall Erdmann designed clinic. Friendly, medium sized community in beautiful mountainous area. Contact: Douglas Tolbert, Mountaineer Clinics, 228 Mellon St., Beckley, West Virginia 25801. Phone 304-252-8324.

EXPERIMENTAL FACILITATOR: half to full time, to serve lay administered Unitarian Universalist Fellowship. Salary to $12,000. Send resume with background in counseling, non-profit group organizing, interest in arts and social action, educational background to Search Committee, Mediator Fellowship, 236 Wickenden St., Providence, Rhode Island 02903.

EXPERIENCED WRITER/ACTIVIST Knowledge of agricultural, food or health issues. Salary low. Washington, D.C. interview. Send resume to G. Moreland, CSPI, 1757 S St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

TEACHERS-ADMINISTRATORS-current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.95, abroad $5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95, foreign $4.95. EISN, Box 662, Newton, Massachusetts 02162.

Business Opportunities

TRICKS for mail order money-making! $1. Kowaleski, 4326 Elizabeth Ave., Sacramento, California 95821.

EXCELLENT SECOND INCOME without leaving your armchair. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Foley, NR, P.O. Box 22472, San Francisco, California 94122.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY in Real Estate. Buy with other people's money. Rush $2. Satisfaction guaranteed! Morgan Young, Dept. NR-27, 2208 East Crescent, Missoula, Montana 59801.

Intentional Communities

A group of academics and artists plans to establish an economically cooperative community in the rural northeast devoted to scholarship, art, ecological balance, self reliance and education. The community will operate a liberal arts college not requiring its students to pay for instruction. For information, contact: C. Ward, Box 743, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002.

COMMUNAL LIVING DIRECTORY. $1. Storefront Classroom Community, P.O. Box 1174-NR, San Francisco, California 94101.

Health

OVERCOMING MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
How-to Book, diet, recipes. $4.50 Box 12705, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87105.

Gourmet/Cookery

SUPER CHILE recipe, $1. Johnson, Box 272D, Mason, Ohio 45040.

Try LABORATORY GLASSWARE for your kitchen. Free catalogue from: The Glass Barn, 1207 Spruce Street, Berkeley, California 94709.

Arts/Crafts

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5" x 7" mounted size $35.

Music

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK - An Album of Contemporary Political Music. "Fully professional and crisply produced in a Broadway jazz-rock idiom." - Boston's *Real Paper*. "A good antidote to commercial pop songs." - The Guardian. Send $5 to: Alternative Publications, P.O. Box 1336, Boston, Massachusetts 02104.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year	55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

Granfalloons

Because I am a single male under 30 living in the District of Columbia—an untrustworthy group, apparently—the auto insurance for my new subcompact car will cost me $680 a year. Insurance is one of the great all-pervasive mysteries of modern life. Most of my friends are nice bourgeois married types living in the suburbs. Why can't I be in their group? Or why can't I pool my risk with members of other groups to which I really belong: Sunday School graduates or early risers or other reliable types like these? Kurt Vonnegut coined a term for these artificial groups into which people are placed or place themselves; he calls them *granfalloons*. Vonnegut's writings are silly and have not aged well, but his perception about granfalloons becomes truer all the time. Many of these groupings are self-inflicted. It seems as though there is no connecting principle, however strained and unlikely, around which people are not willing to organize themselves. For example, the other day I met a charming woman who was very excited because she had just spent three hours in the White House. She was one of 10 people who had been invited to talk about gay rights with Midge Costanza, a presidential assistant whose job is to provide access to the White House for people with complaints who have taken the trouble to organize themselves into a group. (And who has not?) This woman was not herself gay; she was there as representative of a national organization of parents of homosexuals. I thought that was a pretty good granfalloon until I opened the *Times* the next day and discovered a list of several organizations—in the New York area alone—of women who have given birth by Caesarean section. Perhaps someone should start a group of parents of homosexuals born by Caesarean section.

Alan Morrison, a Nader lawyer, suggests in the *Post* that to avoid conflicts of interest, high-level presidential appointees should be required to cash in all their investments and put the money in a fund that would pay them a set rate of interest plus "some appreciation so that inflation does not destroy the original investment" while they served the public. I have a better idea. Why not make them put their money in Series E government savings bonds? These are the low-interest bonds workers are strong-armed into buying as part of the "payroll savings plan," while managerial types of the sort who become presidential appointees go into short-term government paper and other higher-return investments. How could they object? Television commercials tell us there is no investment more patriotic than savings bonds. It would be inspiring to see our leaders express the same confidence in the government that the rest of us are asked to express. Of course unlike Morrison's proposed fund, savings bonds are not protected from the ravages of inflation, which gives me great confidence that there will be strenuous efforts to protect the stability of the economy if my plan is adopted.

I also recommend savings bonds as an alternative investment for Senator Ed Muskie, who complained that he would have to sell one of his houses if the Senate voted to limit its members to a total annual earned income of $66,125, as it did last week. Muskie charged that Gaylord Nelson, who supported the limit, "doesn't give a damn what the consequences may be for me and my family." We hear constantly about the housing shortage and the fading dream of home ownership, but it is small tragedies like this that really drive the point to one of its homes.

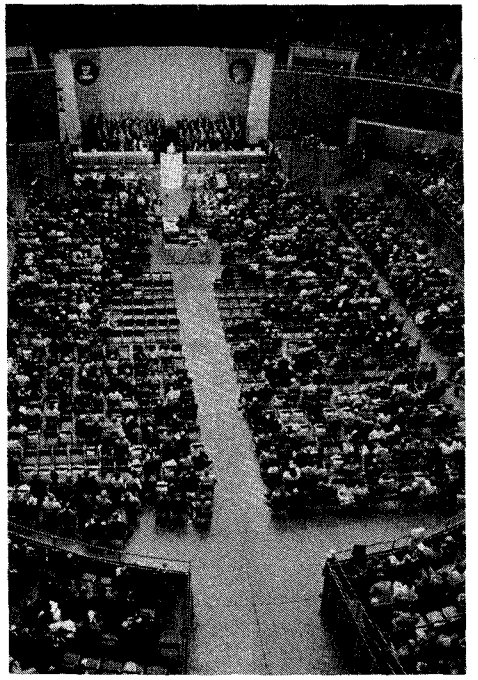
The Atlanta law firm of King and Spaulding, which has made a great show of not attempting to exploit its close Carter connection (in sharp contrast to Mudge, Rose, Guthrie and Alexander, which opened a Washington office when former partners Nixon and Mitchell moved to town), recently sent out cards announcing that Griffin Bell and Jack Watson had left the firm. Bell, clients and colleagues were informed (in case they had been buried down a mine shaft for the past couple months) has "been appointed Attorney General of the United States," and Watson an assistant to the President. Such announcements are common when a lawyer joins a firm, but unheard of (at least in Washington) to celebrate a departure. I was disappointed to discover, however, that these announcements are not in violation of the ABA's Code of Professional Responsibility, provided that they are sufficiently "dignified," uninformative and selectively mailed. There is a great ethics boom going on in the law, as a result of Watergate. All law students now are required to take instruction in professional responsibility and the ABA Code, and many state bar associations include an ethics section along with decedents' estates, commercial transactions, etc., on their bar exams. It is a charmingly lawyerlike, process-oriented idea that ethics can be taught and tested, like torts. And what lawyers call ethics actually looks more like restraint of trade. The Code of Professional Responsibility is mostly minute regulation of anything that might appear to be advertising or price competition, and rules preventing one lawyer from doing something when two can do it just as well. And so thanks to the transgressions of John Dean and Richard Kleindienst, thousands of law students now must memorize rules about the maximum size of signs on office doors, information permitted on letterhead stationery, etc., all in the name of ethics.

Of course the study of ethical rules doesn't instill ethical values, any more than the study of antitrust law instills a love for the capitalist verities of competition and free enterprise. Exactly the opposite. Antitrust is the study of how anticompetitive you can be without breaking the law. Similarly, the purpose of refining the broad grey area between ethical propriety and impropriety into a razor-sharp line is to make it easier to stay close to the line. Nobody hires a lawyer to tell them how to be good.

When you dial the number for weather in Washington (and it is the same in many other cities), unless you are lucky and cut in at the beginning of the recorded cycle, you must wait while the recorded voice—at an agonizingly slow and deliberate tempo—thanks you for calling and instructs you to have a nice day, before it imparts the information for which you have called. An enormous amount of automated civility has been programmed into the machinery around us, most of it a nuisance and all of it a poor substitute for the real thing. But I imagine few of us ever have been as irritated as Mr. Carl Smith, who sent his war medals to the White House as a protest over President Carter's pardon of draft evaders. He got back a form letter thanking him for his "thoughtfulness." Mr. Smith said, "If I wanted to give him a gift, I would have sent him a pair of socks."

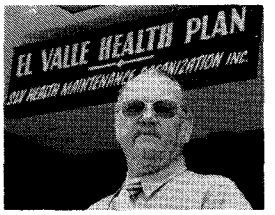
M.E.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

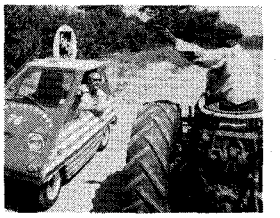


Annually, delegates from America's nearly 1,000 rural electric cooperatives and public power districts which serve some 25 million people across the nation, meet to formulate and adopt policies on national issues.

The simple fact is that conservation makes it possible to stretch out the world's dwindling energy resources while we develop new technologies



More doctors, water and sewer systems, and improved housing are today's community development targets for rural electrics, longtime leaders in spearheading better social and economic programs for local citizens. Robert Mace, manager of San Luis Valley Rural Electric Cooperative, Monte Vista, Colo., is president of one of the state's five Health Maintenance Organizations.



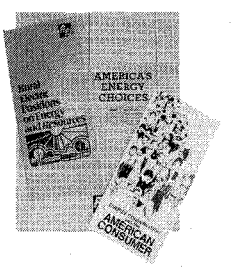
Flint Electric Membership Corporation, Reynolds, Ga., has grown from just over 2,800 members in 1944 to more than 30,000 in 1976. Meter readers use an electric car (dressed up for the bicentennial) to get to some of the homes, farms and businesses in the 15 counties where the cooperative serves.

So far in this country we've taken only small steps toward a real program of energy conservation.

Efficient use and management of all forms of energy are now imperative. Public awareness of this need must be greatly increased. People's consumption patterns will have to be altered; industry must make changes, and government policies to encourage and require wiser use must be implemented.

Conservation does not mean austerity nor a lower standard of living. On the other hand, without it as part of a comprehensive energy policy, energy shortages could in the long run severely restrict the opportunities and advantages we now enjoy, and limit our ability to pursue our traditional hopes and dreams for a better life.

America's rural electric systems



The National Rural Electric Cooperative Association is the service organization for the nation's electric cooperatives. Write "Viewpoints," NRECA, 2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009 for further information on rural electric energy positions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a dramatic introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

"Unquestionably the finest single-volume encyclopedia in the English language" —*Bowker's Encyclopedia Buying Guide 1975-76*

YOURS FOR ONLY $15

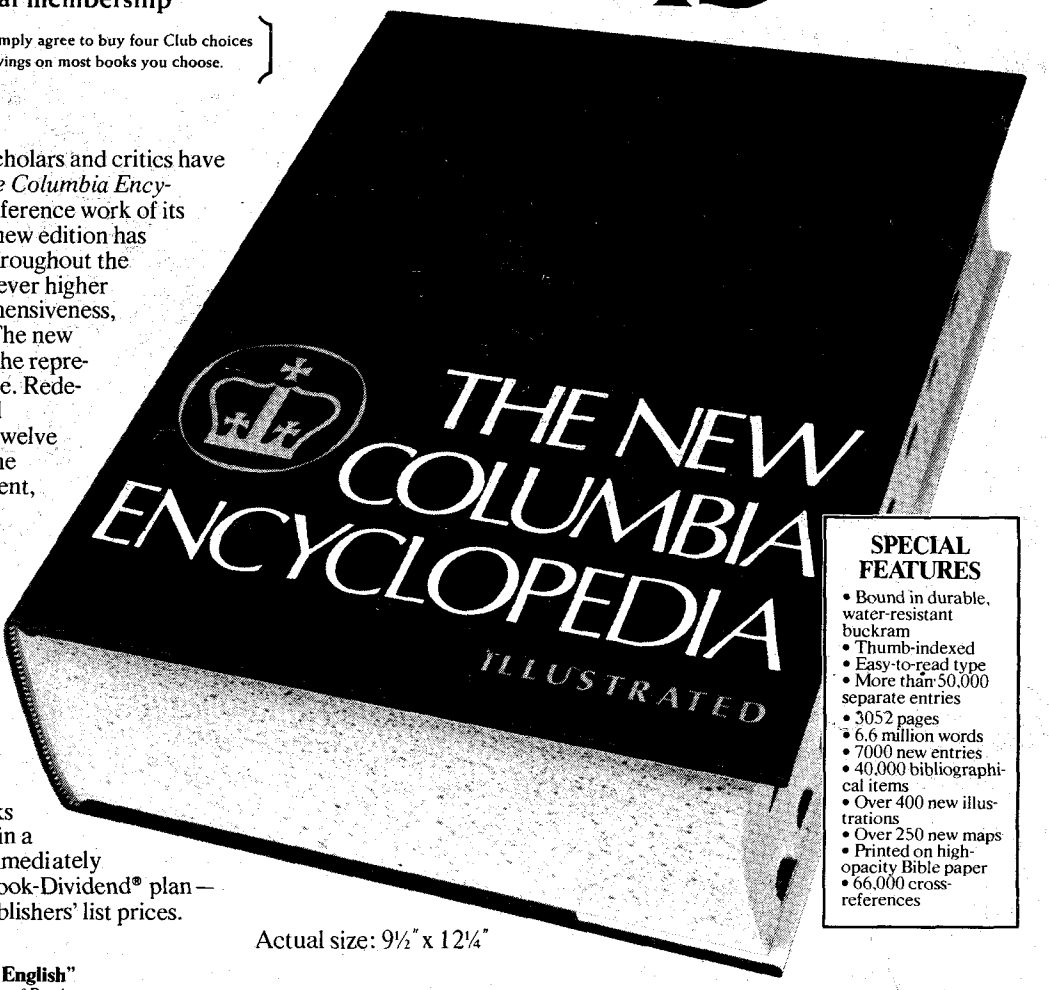
in a short trial membership

PUBLISHER'S LIST PRICE $79.50

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose.

FOR MORE THAN four decades scholars and critics have been unanimous in calling *The Columbia Encyclopedia* the best single-volume reference work of its kind ever compiled. And as each new edition has appeared it has been acclaimed throughout the English-speaking world as setting ever higher standards of scholarship, comprehensiveness, clarity and skillful compression. The new fourth edition is no exception, as the representative comments below indicate. Redesigned, reorganized, rewritten and freshly illustrated after a lapse of twelve years, it is a worthy successor to the previous edition. And for the student, the businessman, the professional or, indeed, anyone who reads as much as a daily newspaper, it will prove to be one of the most useful books one can own.

The extraordinary opportunity to own this great work *at an 80% saving* is made to demonstrate the continuing benefits of membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club. For not only will you be able to keep abreast of the important new books you are eager to read; if you remain a member after the trial, you will immediately participate in the Club's unique Book-Dividend® plan—and save 70% and more on the publishers' list prices.



Actual size: 9½" x 12¼"

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Bound in durable, water-resistant buckram
- Thumb-indexed
- Easy-to-read type
- More than 50,000 separate entries
- 3052 pages
- 6.6 million words
- 7000 new entries
- 40,000 bibliographical items
- Over 400 new illustrations
- Over 250 new maps
- Printed on high-opacity Bible paper
- 66,000 cross-references

"There is nothing to compare it with in English"
—*The New York Review of Books*

"Without peer in the English language."
—*Scientific American*

"The best one-volume repository of useful knowledge in the language. It is *the* indispensable reference work."
—*Ashley Montagu*

"Surpasses in usefulness even its great ancestor....I judge it to be the reference work of first resort for scholar and layman alike." —*Lionel Trilling*

"One can keep the whole range of [factual] knowledge on one's lap...in an immediately available form."
—*Times Literary Supplement* (London)

NEW FOURTH EDITION... COMPLETELY REVISED AFTER A LAPSE OF TWELVE YEARS

A Few of the 7000 New Articles

World Affairs
Valéry Giscard d'Estaing
Chiang Ching
The Transkei
Arab-Israeli Wars

Life and Physical Sciences
Pulsar
Gravitational Collapse
Vasectomy
Group Psychotherapy

Social Sciences
Space Law
Ralph Nader
Betty Friedan
No-Fault Insurance

Humanities
African Languages
Rudolf Nureyev
François Truffaut
Rock Music
Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

Sports
Bobby Fischer
Billie Jean King
Muhammad Ali
Hank Aaron

U.S. National Affairs
Pentagon Papers
Henry Kissinger
Watergate Affair
American Indian Movement

Religion, Philosophy
Pierre Teilhard de Chardin
Pure Land Buddhism
Native American Church
Hans Küng

PLUS such useful features as: the text of the Constitution of the United States...tables of rulers of France, Great Britain, Spain and Russia...outstanding U.S. senators, congressmen and cabinet members...Nobel Prize winners...Third World persons, events, art forms and places...and separate articles on more than 2000 U.S. cities.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, 17012 **7-A27-3-1**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me *The New Columbia Encyclopedia*, billing me $15. I agree to buy at least four Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

23

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....*Apt*.....

City & State.....*Zip*.....

FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

- You will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*,® a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year. The *News* describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.
- If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you do not want the Selection—or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all—simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the *News*, you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.
- All books distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED